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Vol. CLX No. 2093 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — MARCH 2 1940

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WHY WAR?

By Charles Spencelayh

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, March 2, 1940

LONDON'S Tumultuous WELCOME to the "AJAX" and "EXETER"

The Scene in Trafalgar Square, Unequalled Since the Coronation of King George VI

Last week the citizens of London had an opportunity of showing their appreciation of the gallantry of the men of the *Ajax* and *Exeter*, heroes of the greatest naval action of the war. On Friday, officers and men of the two ships marched through the streets to the Guildhall, where they were then entertained at luncheon by the Lord Mayor and Corporation of the City of London and heard Mr. Winston Churchill praise the brilliantly fought action which "in a few glittering hours threw up in relief the months of ceaseless vigil kept by the Navy." The march of the men drew such crowds in the streets of London as have not been witnessed since the King's coronation. The amazing scene at Trafalgar Square, where a crowd of many thousands gathered, extending into the distance along the Mall, is shown in the above picture

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THE KING SEES THE FRANCO-BRITISH BOXING TOURNAMENT AT WEMBLEY

Last week the Empire Pool at Wembley witnessed the most important amateur boxing tournament of the war, the proceeds going to the Lord Mayor's appeal for the Red Cross. The four main bouts of the evening constituted a match between France and Britain, and all fifteen items on the programme included either past or present champions of the Amateur Boxing Association or Services. In the picture above, the King is seen on arrival at Wembley with Mr. Arthur Elvin, the managing director of this vast sporting arena

A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. XXVI

32–34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4
Wednesday, February 28, 1940

"ALTMARK" AND THE NEUTRALS.

—The *Altmark* incident is an incident only in this war. Over it, round it, before and after it, is the larger, more vital matter of neutrality in modern war. It is an undignified state of mind and physically very dangerous, and it is a new thing in history. Right through the late war the Germans retained *some* vestiges of regard for international conventions and the laws of humanity. They began this war in the spirit of pure piracy and have added new refinements of thugdom with every month. Thus we observe the spectacle of neutral nations denying the great ideals which they stand for and have constantly upheld, turning their faces from old friendships and great traditions, looking the other way when they pass a brother in trouble, finding formulæ to justify the betrayal of their faith and their duty to civilisation, not only as neutrals in war but as member states of a civilised order. It is a sorry spectacle, for which we find excuses still, but not to-day justification. For it is not weak nations only on the fringe of the whirlpool who cling to straws (and split them); the same terror transforms to dithering great nations loudest in their confessions of faith in liberty and humanity and decency. We observe them balancing expediency against morality, commercial ends against political ideals, fear of death to-day against fear of death to-morrow.

THE BULLY OF THE LOWER FOURTH.

—Modern war makes cowards of them all. Because one belligerent knows no law but brute force they skimp the obligations of neutrality and must "suck up" like any lower boy to the fifth-form bully, must offer hard words to their true friends and leave unspoken their verdicts on right and wrong. They must carry with them to the temples in which circumstances still force them to worship, a mule's burden of earth and conceal that concession in a sack of very neutral tint. They must deny God or whisper their faith behind their hands. And much good it does them! The bully is indiscriminate. He raids their lockers, steals their tuck, and kicks them in the pants. United (even in moral disapprobation alone) they could check, if not hold him. But they cannot unite, dare not communicate with one another. Each must find his own method of compromise, each must adopt his own fashion of party-coloured cloak, each must hunt with the hounds and run with the hare. It is an undignified school story, this tale of St. Dominic's. Good God, how undignified and tragic! To this pass has come our civilisation after centuries of bitter experience.

FINLAND. CAN SHE GAIN A RESPITE?

—France and Britain, in the circumstances in which they are placed, have no cause to be ashamed of what they have done to help Finland. The catalogue of war material sent is imposing enough, and no charge of dilly-dally can be raised. Is it enough and is it too late? It is not, of course, enough. It is manpower as much as anything that matters in this hopelessly unequal struggle. But enough for a respite? That is the question. Marshal Mannerheim spoke last week of his hopes of the arrival of Marshal Blizzard —come to stay. Reports conflict. The impenetrable snows are due in March and after them comes usually the thaw, equally impenetrable by mechanised forces. It is nip and tuck if Finland can hold on until April. If she can, the help in men and material which she may hope to receive may yet save her from extinction. For so many new factors may arise before April is over to divert the weight and purpose of Soviet aggression.

OIL—THE KEY TO PEACE.

—General Swinton in his broadcast last week satisfied himself and some of his listeners that the Nazis, using every available source of oil, home produced from coal and other substances and imported from Rumania and Russia, the only important markets, can only hope in favourable circumstances to produce seven-tenths of the nation's normal peace-time requirements and less than 50 per cent. of its estimated war consumption. That is cheerful hearing, if you have any faith in statistics. Whether you have or no, General Swinton's figures convince us of an even more tremendously important truth. Without oil, there could be no modern war on land or in the air, nor immediately at sea. No doubt substitutes for oils and even coal will gradually be evolved in great quantities as motive forces. But to-day and to-morrow, if you can grab the world's oil, you can *prevent war*. That is the first and last objective of the next Peace Conference. If the nations can get together and internationally guard and control the five or six important oil-bearing centres on the earth's face with adequate international military forces, then modern war will be impossible. In peace, the supplies can be pooled (as now they are pooled commercially by great groups) for the civil needs of the nations. Control the oil internationally —and the League can develop slowly in safety. It is the one gigantic hope of civilisation. Control and guard the oil supplies.

THE MONARCHY TO-DAY.

—As I sit and contemplate (often, I confess, sadly) the nightmare of our days and the break-up (temporary, we hope) of so much that made life worth living, and made it dignified, sweet and interesting, I look round, like a drowning man, for something solid and buoyant to which I may cling and avoid submersion in the dark flood that threatens to engulf us. We have still great and glorious traditions and institutions. The judicature, Parliament, a free press. We have a united and finely charactered nation of free men, full of initiative. We have a great cause, a great past and a sure hope. Yet I derive a more immediate comfort and support from an institution not yet mentioned and an asset not yet named. Our unity and resolve as a nation is much more real and solid than it is apparent, *because* (I think) of that other valued asset, the freedom of our press. For the same reason, I derive less immediate comfort from the proceedings of Parliament, and in war-time the integrity of our judicature is less prominently and less constantly brought to our notice. It is the monarchy, the throne, which, it seems to me, is first and foremost our prop and comfort to-day and the vital "connecting link" with the days that are gone and must one day return.

THE CONNECTING LINK.

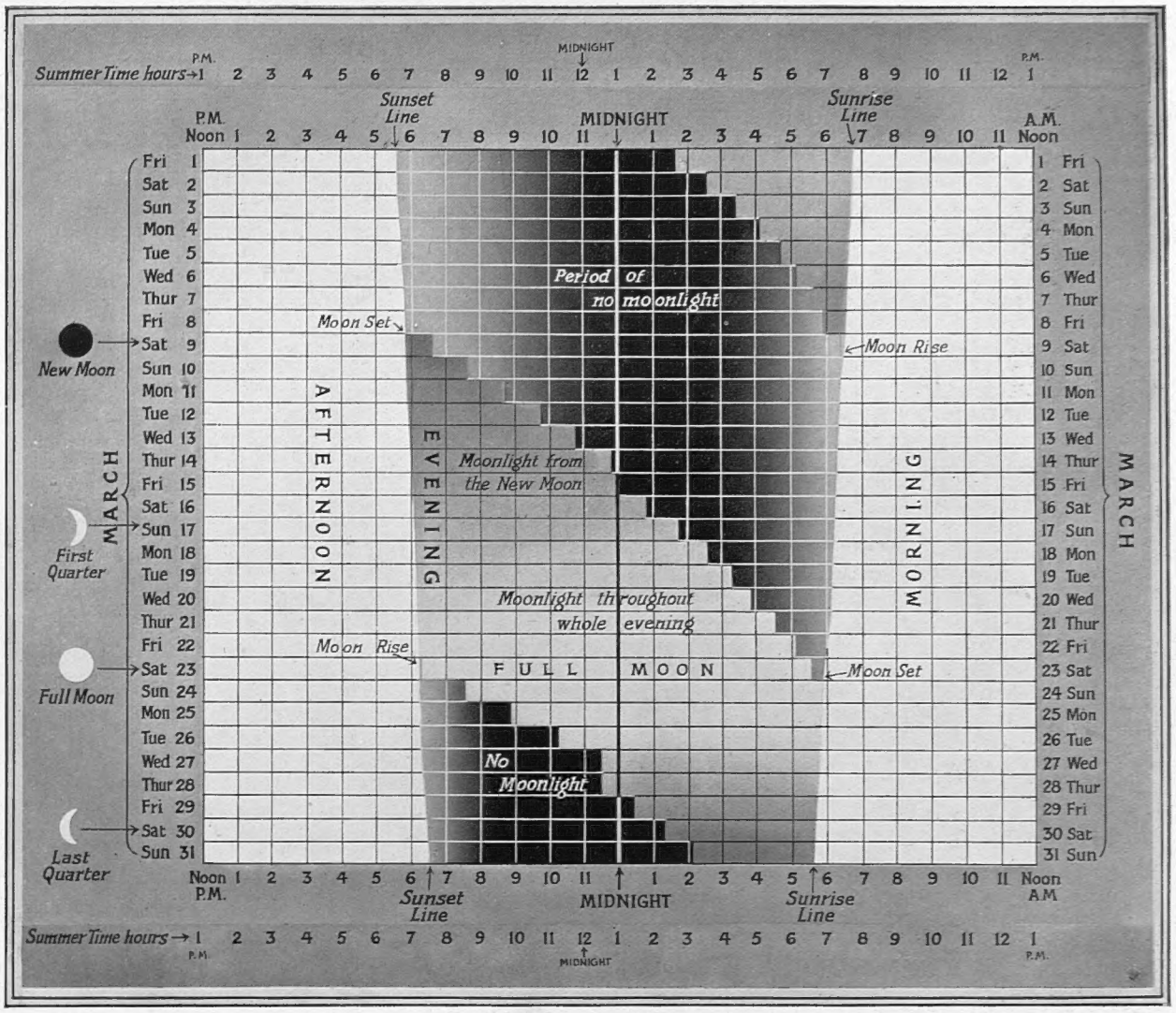
—The monarchy stands to-day for something not less important to us in England than the symbol of Empire unity and strength and the connecting link between the great equal partners in that Commonwealth. For us in England to-day it stands as almost the sole unquestioned connecting link between our happier past and the dark present. In it are contained the treasures we cannot dispense with and must preserve at

QUEEN MARY AT BRISTOL

During her visit to Bristol last week Queen Mary made a welcome public reappearance when she called at the Y.M.C.A. hostel for troops in Victoria Street, where she interested herself in the men's welfare. She also inspected a gas decontamination depot at Filton, where the above picture was taken

all costs—the dignity of our traditions, the glories of civilisation, the sweets of culture, the things which compose civilised life and adorn it. What are these things? I do not mean trappings, state, ceremonial planned, unhurried, efficiently organised and maintained. I think of deeper, more real things than those. I mean: Good manners perfectly revealed, sympathy practically shown and clearly felt, duty constantly done, kindness every day revealed, dignity and simplicity, faith, patriotism, courage, patience and restraint, shown to us every day and withheld from no section of the community. As in the last war, so to-day in this still bitterer struggle, it is the example set by the King and Queen which keeps us as a people sane and decent, and helps us to remember the happier past and to have faith in the future. It is the throne above all our great institutions which links for us the past, present and future, is the store-house of those assets which we must one day set up again in their niches in our national house, when we stoop to build it up with worn-out tools. We value the monarchy to-day so high because in a strident world of Babel, it alone speaks with one voice and acts with a single and clear purpose.

NO EMERGENCY.—As I understood the last references in the press to the Officers' Emergency Reserve, these were inspired by the War Office and intended as an authoritative guidance to those thousands of "aged and decayed" ex-officers who joined the Officers' Emergency Reserve immediately after Munich and later, and have been hanging on ever since, neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, longing to serve their country, hoping to be called and not daring to take work of a permanent nature. The War Office will be glad if they will clear out and find some civil defence or other work. They are not wanted in the Army, and never will be. If they were officers in the late war and have not since acquired experience of *modern methods*, they are no good to the War Office and would be more trouble to train (from the egg) than raw recruits. Even if their health is A.1, such ex-officers and Territorial Army Reserve Officers are not wanted for the modern armies, and the War Office, embarrassed by the great response such officers made to its appeal for the Officers' Emergency Reserve, would now be thankful if they would clear off, and thanks very much and so forth. Unless I misread the press references, or those references were inaccurate, that represents the War Office policy to-day as regards the Officers' Emergency Reserve. The scheme is dead. Those on the lists who were wanted have been employed. The great majority have merely wasted hope and time and useful service. The scheme was a dud. It is worth while ventilating this reading of the recent announcements because the truth is so important for those officers still on the waiting lists. Is this the naked truth, bald and ugly as it appears? Is this what the War Office asks of these volunteers to-day after their long uncertainty? If so, they will swallow their feelings and start again to search for service.



THE MOONLIGHT CHART FOR MARCH

On this chart both Greenwich Mean Time and British Summer Time are shown. The best part of the month—from the visibility point of view—comes during its middle days when moonlight helps the traveller throughout the whole evening. At this time of the year the period of night is visibly shrinking as the evenings lengthen and the sun comes up correspondingly earlier. The period of "twilight" is also growing noticeably

MINISTER-JOURNALISTS.—Once or twice in the past I have had occasion to refer to the difference in the estimate of a Cabinet Minister's importance in the State held by the public and by himself. Cabinet Ministers are often invaluable public servants, of great experience, drive, and vision. But in general they do not come up to that high standard. You need not search very meticulously to discover that a majority of Cabinet Ministers have not been men of exceptionable experience, signal ability, or the highest education. They are, under our system of politics, recruited from many sources. Many have been kicked up (and kicked out); many have been "party-hacks," many have filled office for "party-balance" reasons, and have been moved to one office because they failed in another. It has been sometimes stressed how curious it is that two important professions are not "learned" or "higher" professions at all. The stockbroker who "advises you on your investments" may start out to do so fresh from Oxford or after retiring as a captain from the Army. An M.P. may write those letters after his name without any preliminary training whatever. He has money or influence, and he finds a constituency and foots the bill of its subscription demands. If he is a good boy in the eyes of whips and party leaders, he may achieve office and learn (while he earns) from his permanent officials. Meanwhile he is free to help to make our laws and to direct his department. What is a Cabinet Minister (quite often) in modern life? Epigrammatically summed up (and epigrams are usually half-truths) he is a "journalist out of work"—a highly paid journalist out of work. Which means that as soon as he leaves office he goes to Fleet Street, and it is an open question as to which of his activities is the more embarrassing to the Government and more dangerous for the country. It is very much a half-truth, but that fraction of truth is vital and helps us to adjust our opinions of the status and importance in the State of any particular Minister.

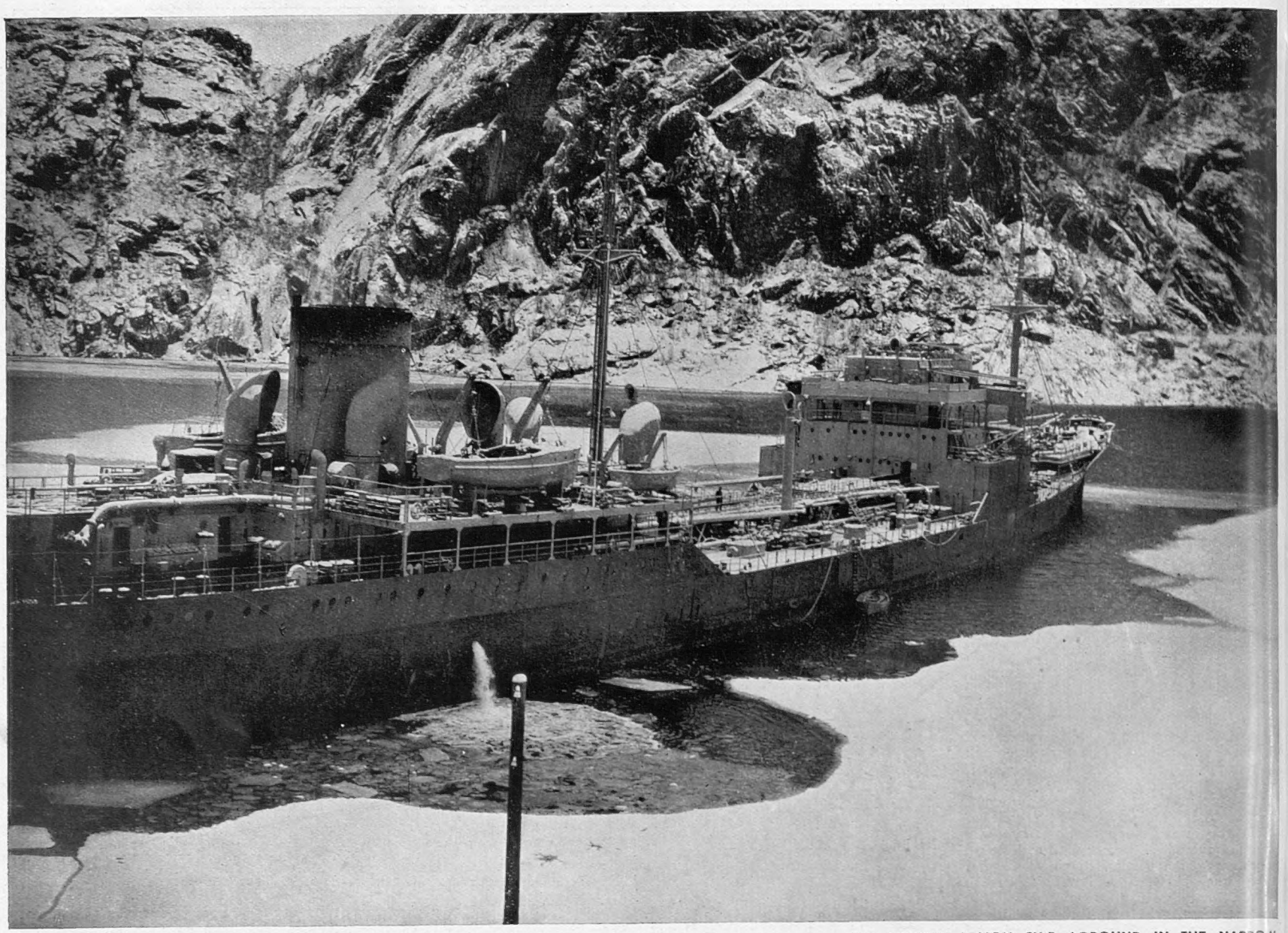
COLLIER BOYS IN A TRAVELLING THEATRE

Collier boys and shop assistants from the mining valleys of South Wales have organised a travelling theatre and are to tour London, Cheltenham, Bristol and other towns throughout the country. Their properties are all taken by long-distance coaches. The tour has been organised by the South Wales Federation of Boys' Clubs. The picture above shows some of the juvenile actors beside their coach prior to leaving Pontypool for Cheltenham

OF OFFALS.—Since control of meat came in, our butcher, a worthy, honest man with a large clientele (such as he deserves), has never succeeded in getting with his meat any minutest portion of livers, kidneys, tripe, brains or sweetbreads—in a word "offals"—for his customers. He says it is a mystery where these offals go. Prayers and entreaties can't get them. Where is the leakage? Who gets these offals? What is so ridiculous and annoying about one's failure to buy offals is the fact that the Food Controller's broadcast speakers have so often already urged us to fall back on offals and painted glowing pictures of the greedy delights in store for us if we will not disdain tripe, brains, sweetbreads, etc., as a substitute for red meat. It is for us not a case of "lights is riz'" (as the cat's-meat man said) but of "lights is off" (a black-out indeed). But who the devil pinches them in transit from slaughter house to butcher's shop? Ask of the winds or the Food Controller. Another scandal, another example of "share and share alike"?

ANOTHER FOOT OF SNOW—ANOTHER WEEK OF WASTE.—The great freeze-up (No. 3) broke up at last on February 16 and that night in a balmier air fell another foot of snow. Out came the shovels again. Once more posts and communications of all kinds were temporarily suspended. And two days later the white mountains of snow vanished in torrents of water under a Turkish bath thaw. Another week of sheer waste was ahead—just slaving to repair nature's ravages. When were the farmer and gardener last able to do any constructive work on their land? Was it before Christmas, 1939? How much *essential* work falls to a gardener between December and March, I ask myself? Every normal winter my gardener finds masses of work to his hand in the gardens. This year in that period he has done none. He has shovelled and cut and cleared trunks and branches and kept lanes and roadways clear and stoked and drained and patched and plumbed and repaired a hundred ravages of the weather. We have one consolation only. What is bad and bitter for us is worse and more vitally bitter for our enemies who have brought the world to the present tragedy; and though a shadowy and semi-anonymous "Onlooker" tells us mincingly how much we love and respect the German people I obstinately derive a little satisfaction and compensation from knowing that the war and the vengeance of nature on man's folly hit them too, and even more shrewdly.

THE OLD STAGER

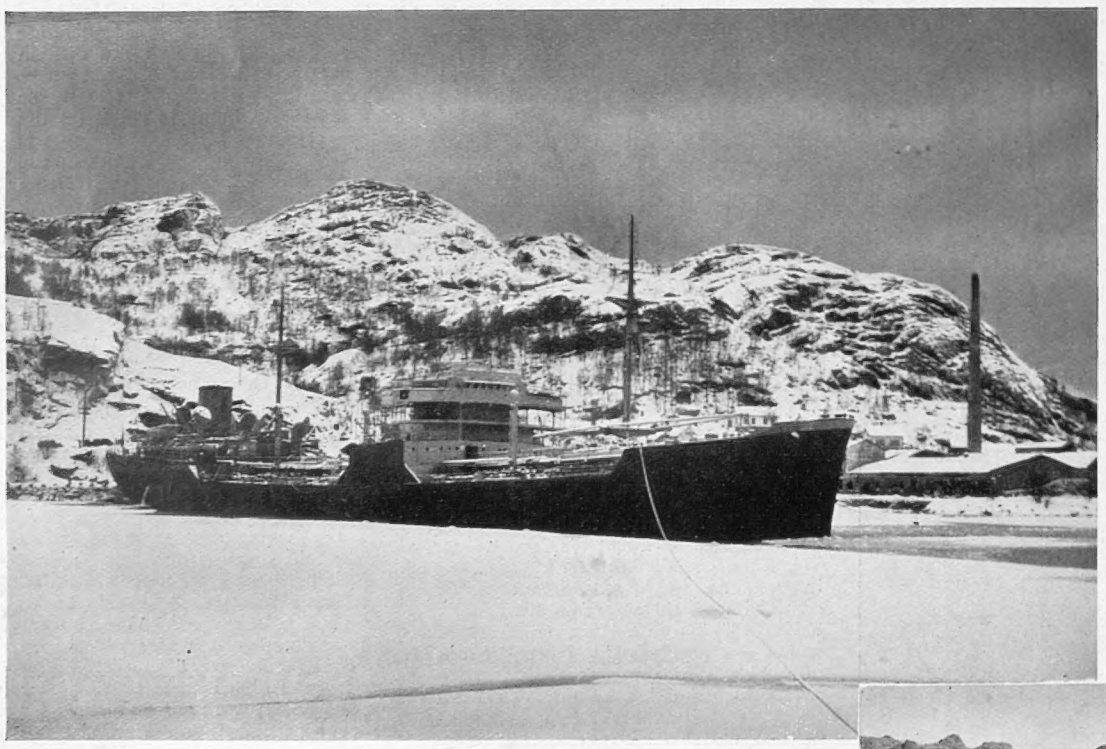


THE GERMAN PRISON SHIP AGROUND IN THE NARROW WATERWAY, WHERE SHE WAS MANŒUVRED BY THE BRITISH DESTROYER "COSSACK"

FIRST PICTURES OF THE "ALTMARK"

How the Vessel was left by the "Cossack" in Josing Fiord

The last few weeks have certainly found the British Navy triumphant! After the *Graf Spee* action came the *Altmark* affair, when H.M.S. *Cossack* rounded off the River Plate action by boarding the *Graf Spee's* prison ship and releasing the British prisoners, whom it was fondly hoped by the enemy would be conveyed to Germany—for what purposes we can well imagine! The *Altmark* is a vessel of some 12,000 tons; the *Cossack* has a displacement of less than 2,000; nevertheless, by a piece of brilliant seamanship, the British destroyer avoided the ungainly attempt of the *Altmark's* captain to ram her and, indeed, forced the huge vessel into the shore, where her stern grounded, and was held in the ice. The plight of the *Altmark*, after the men of the *Cossack* had finished with her, can well be gauged by the pictures reproduced here. They were taken before the Norwegian Government, for reasons best known to itself, decided to shroud the subsequent movements of the *Altmark* in secrecy.



WITH HER STERN FAST AGROUND—THE "ALTMARK" LYING ACROSS THE JOSING FIORD

NOMENCLATURE

STATIONS CÔTIÈRES ET DE NAVIRE

LE BUREAU DE L'UNION INTERNATIONALE DES TÉLÉCOMMUNICATIONS

MARS 1938

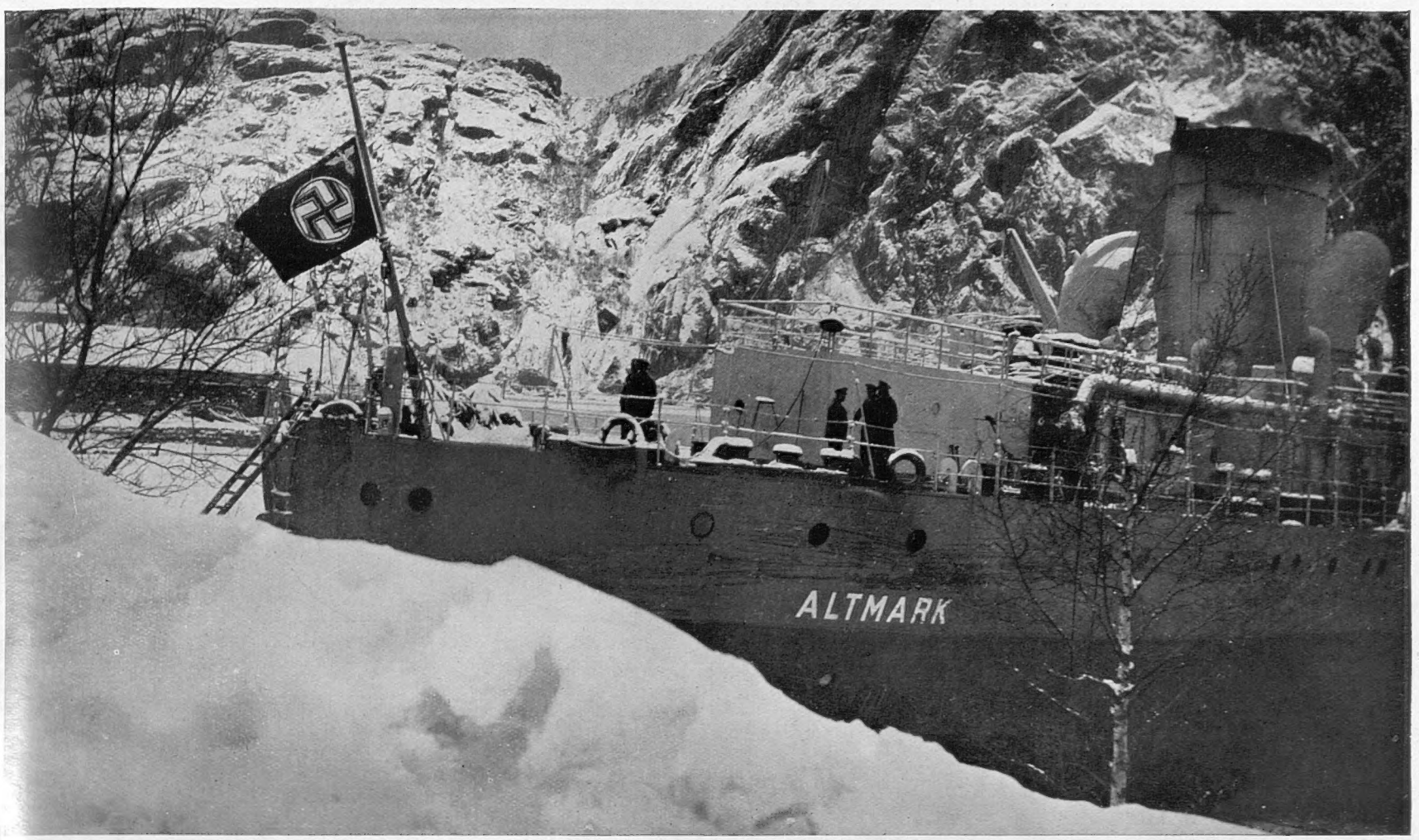
DTAK Altmark ✕ – – CP H24
– 13) D – –
EAAP Altmark-Mendi ..... CP HX
30 8) E B 18)
DTGS Admiral Graf Spee ✕ – – CP H24
– 13) D
KDLE Admiral Halstead ⊠ △ I ... CP
40 ° USA B 8) HX
GXXS Cossack ✕ – – CP –
– G – –

On left—THE "ALTMARK" IS A WARSHIP

This is the entry in the list published by the International Union of Telegraphic and Radiotelegraphic Communications, Berne, which gives the lie to the Nazi statement that the prison ship *Altmark* was an unarmed merchant vessel. The entry has beside it the crossed swords which indicate a warship, a mark similar to that against the names *Cossack* and *Admiral Graf Spee*

THE JOSING FIORD ACROSS WHICH THE "ALTMARK" LAY

When she was encountered by the *Cossack*, the German prison ship was forced across the fiord, her stern grounding on the rocks in the bottom right; her bow then pointed towards the centre of the fiord, putting her broadside on to the little white house seen above



E "ALTMARK'S" STERN LD IN THE ICE AT THE GE OF THE JOSING FIORD

Since these pictures were taken the *Altmark* has been refloated: her subsequent movements have been veiled in secrecy. Despite statements to the contrary by interested parties, Professor Koht, the Norwegian Foreign Minister, has declared that "both Britain and ourselves agree that the *Altmark* should be considered as a warship." It is by order of the Norwegian Government that the dispatch abroad of any news covering the situation of the German vessel has been prohibited

A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF THE STERN OF THE "ALTMARK"

Wedged up against the ice fringing the shore of the fiord, ladders were lowered from the *Altmark's* stern. By this means communication was secured with the land. The Nazi flag is flying at half-mast because of the casualties sustained in the action with H.M.S. *Cossack*

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE "ALTMARK" IN JOSING FIORD

The thick sheet ice, fractured by the *Altmark* when her stern swung round, is here seen round that unhappy vessel: her master and crew were quite evidently out-manœuvred by the *Cossack* when the latter determined to board the prison ship. Her subsequent unhappy plight is but a poor reflection on the German commander's seamanship!

London's Welcome to the

Scenes En Route and in Mr. Churchill Made a

THE SCENE OUTSIDE THE GUILDHALL AS THE MEN APPROACHED THE HISTORIC HALL OF LONDON CITY

Top left—THE BAND OF THE MARINES PLAYING "HEART OF OAK" AS THEY LED THE MEN OF THE "AJAX" AND "EXETER" PAST THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

It was fitting that the band of the Royal Marines should head the procession through London, for the marines had played a gallant part in the battle with the *Graf Spee*. The march discipline of the men was impressive in its perfection of simplicity; it was the perfect foil to the outburst of pent-up emotion which poured from the crowd

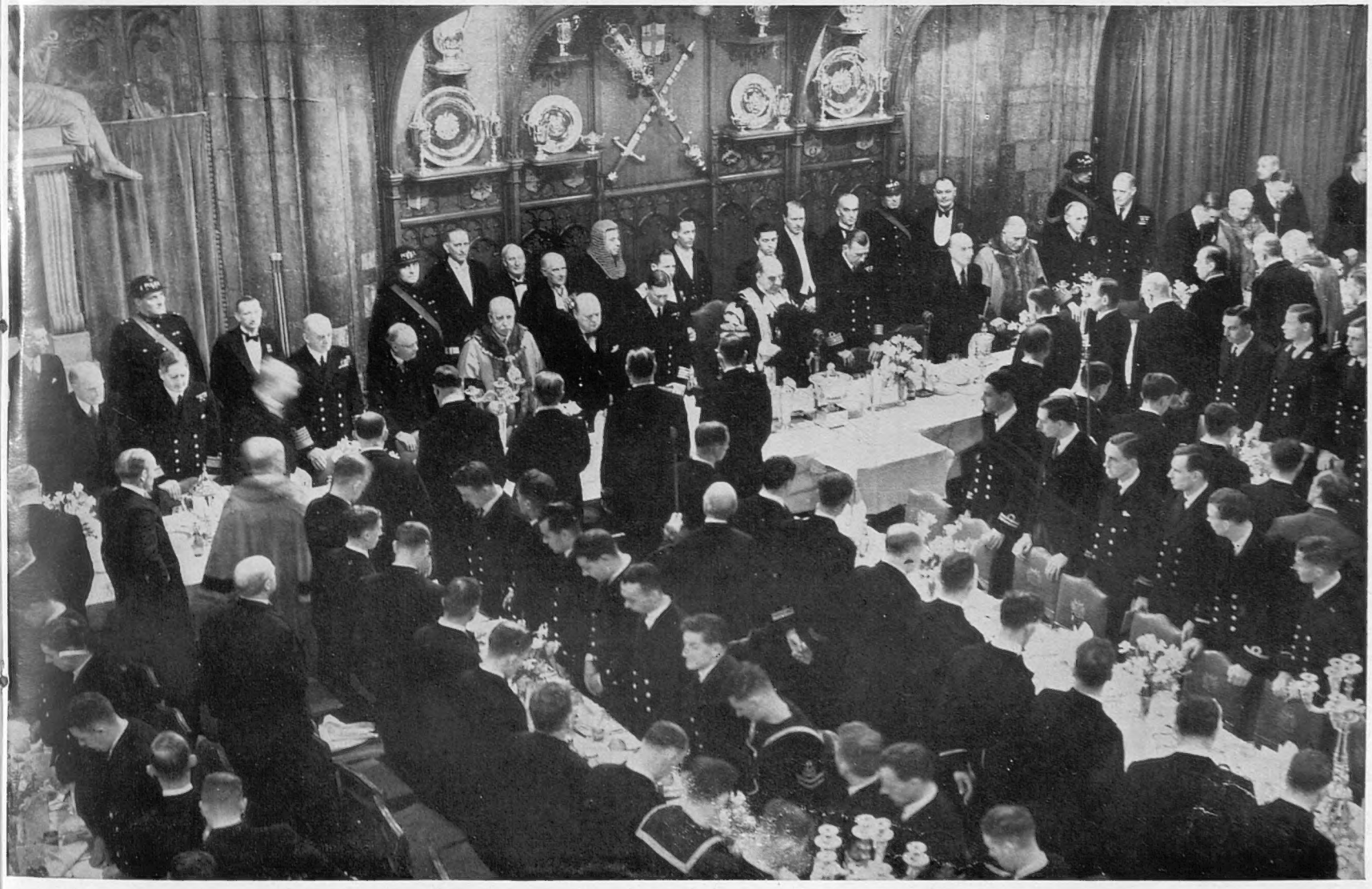
Above—MARCHING IN FOURS THROUGH LONDON'S CROWDED STREETS, LINED ONLY BY A FEW SPECIAL CONSTABLES

Victors of the River Plate

the Guildhall Where Memorable Speech

To the strains of "All the Nice Girls Love a Sailor" the blue-coated columns swung into the historic Guildhall yard and up to the entrance to the great hall, to be greeted with form and ceremony by the City Fathers. They stood at the portal in scarlet and blue fur-trimmed robes with the City Remembrancer in wig and gown

MEMBERS OF THE CITY CORPORATION WERE OUTSIDE THE ENTRANCE AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE NAVY



HONOURED IN THE HEART OF LONDON CITY, THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF "AJAX" AND "EXETER" STAND FOR GRACE BEFORE THE LUNCHEON

"It is fitting that we should celebrate a victory over the King's enemies," said the Lord Mayor, using an old form of words which linked the occasion with the past. The gold plate gleamed behind the high table at which sat Admiral Sir Charles Little, Sir Kingsley Wood, Mr. Winston Churchill, Captain Woodhouse of the *Ajax*, the Lord Mayor, Captain Bell of the *Exeter*, Sir Samuel Hoare, Sir Kynaston Studd, Lord Chatfield and Mr. Anthony Eden. Mr. Churchill referred to the few "glittering hours of action" in terms which moved his audience deeply

A TONIC FROM THE SEA

The Rescue from the "Altmark" Constitutes a Real Bracer. *(The Strategy of the War—XXIII.)*

By GENERAL SIR CHARLES HARINGTON, G.C.B., G.B.E., D.S.O., D.C.L.

I ENDED last week's article on an optimistic note. The boarding of the *Altmark* and the rescue of our three hundred seamen had just happened. Since that time fuller details have been received. The Navy say nothing. They would not. But the story told by some of those who were saved has gone right home, and has struck the note which was badly wanted at the moment. When the nation is worried that nothing on land has happened, that enormous forces are facing each other, and that it is more than difficult to see any daylight, that glorious incident has put new heart into everyone. The historic Admiralty signal, "Go in and get them," was right well acted upon.

A note of confidence is made by the fact that during all the raids made by enemy aircraft on our shores since the start of the war, forty-two German planes have been shot down, and that we have not lost one in these encounters. Another asset is the recent arming of our trawlers. From accounts this has made the Germans, who look upon trawlers, fishermen, and lightshipmen as fair game, pause to think.

What has pleased me during the past week has been the firmer tone visible in our policy. There is less of "What Hitler will do and when." We were committed to war against our will; we did our very best to avoid it but now have to go right through with it. We are fighting for our very existence, for civilisation, and should not allow the opinion of neutrals to influence unduly our prosecution of the war. To me it is just like the crowd on the touch-line at a football match who shout at the referee and the players and tell them what they should do. The people who shout know nothing of the game. At the moment, the neutrals are shouting from the touch-line. I hope very much that the *Altmark* incident will show them that we are in real earnest in the task before us, and that we are not very interested in the shouts about our arrogance and infamous behaviour. One would have thought that the amount of neutral shipping which has been sunk by the Germans would have made those neutrals angry. Apparently it has not, or they are too frightened. They are certainly losing a lot of ships.

Those who heard or saw the reception given last Friday in London to the officers and men of H.M.S. *Exeter* and *Ajax*, and who read of the gallant acts for which many were honoured in the *Gazette* published that day, could not fail to be moved. A similar reception was given to H.M.S. *Achilles* in New Zealand. We read now of a Russian admiral flying to Murmansk to burnish up his fleet and telling the British Navy to be careful of its actions. These last incidents will convince him that acts count before words.

On land the gallant Finns are holding on. They are undoubtedly being very heavily pressed on the Karelian Isthmus, and the Russians are trying very hard to capture Viipuri before the snowstorms bring operations to a standstill for a time. Meanwhile it is good to see that material help is being sent to the Finns from various sources, including Britain. Planes and more planes, guns and ammunition are required. I understand that a large quantity of comforts has already been sent from this country by air, and that more is on the way.

We are now into March and presumably these great armies which have spent all the last months in winter quarters will shortly be buckling up their equipment. There are so many plans which Hitler may adopt, all of which have been discussed for months past. So far, on land, Hitler has not done one single thing that he was expected and "tipped" to do by all those who professed to know. The bombing of London and our big cities, the bursting of the Maginot Line, or the turning of it by violating the neutrality of Holland or Belgium or Switzerland have not yet, as I write, been accomplished. Is it possible that he is going to spend the spring and summer with his vast armies still sitting in the same quarters? It is quite possible, but hardly in keeping with previous German military history. It is also difficult to see what advantage he could derive from such a policy.

It is quite possible that the failure of his friend Stalin to wipe out the Finns in a week-end battle has upset his plans considerably, and the fact of the Danube being so well frozen cannot have helped his supply arrangements. It is also possible that Stalin's poor show against the Finns does not encourage Hitler to put much reliance on him if he wants to use him to stir up trouble in Afghanistan, Iran, or elsewhere.

As I said last week, the arrival of the Anzacs in Palestine and the presence of General Weygand, and his close co-operation with President Inönü and General Wavell must give Hitler much to think about. It must also give some neutrals food for thought.

Mr. Winston Churchill's description of the rescue of the 300 merchant seamen from the *Altmark* by H.M.S. *Cossack* through the "tangle of one-sided neutrality" was very apt and may have far-reaching results.

It is quite possible, as I said in a previous article, that the future of civilisation lies in Finland to-day. If she, aided by all the help that she deserves, can weather the storm, the whole character of the war may well be changed. There is no reason because Hitler continues to sit down behind his present line that the Allies have to do the same. All these months they have been gaining in strength and will go on so gaining, especially with the air reinforcements now arriving from Canada. It is the Allies and not Hitler who will call the tune just when and where they think fit.

THE MEN WHO STAYED BEHIND

Some of the crew of the cruisers *Ajax* and *Exeter* who remained "at home" while their comrades attended at the Guildhall for the *Graf Spee* victors. A ballot was held to decide who should be the lucky ones to make the trip to town. This picture shows the men who lost

There is one great principle in frontier warfare, and that is "picketing the heights" so that you are above the enemy, and can look down and see what he is doing. Allow no one to be above you. Are we not slowly applying that principle? Are we not slowly picketing Hitler? He talked a great deal about encirclement. In our military textbooks we were taught a lot about the value of "interior lines," in other words, that if you were inside you could strike just when and where you pleased. At the moment Hitler is inside and so, presumably, the choice should rest with him as to just when and where he is going to strike. In my opinion, that choice is slowly passing (if it has not already passed) to the Allies. The problem is where can he strike, or where does he dare to strike? He cannot afford to fail or the truth will out. He has not a hope at sea, as he well knows, and up to date the advantages in the air do not appear to lie with Germany. Thus we come back to those large armies facing each other.

It would seem, therefore, that he is picketed by the Allies on the Western Front, he is picketed in the Near and Middle East and in south-east Europe, and it is difficult for him to find another "playing field." There is no guarantee that his friend Stalin, after his Finnish experiences, will be anxious to embark upon a fresh enterprise. What, then, can he do except continue to sit? He cannot win that way as, however long that might last, we could in the end most certainly "out-sit" him. What an awful thought that the armies should be reduced to a "barracking" match! Fancy a record being made in stonewalling!

It would not worry us as our western wall is a much better one than his and he comes back both by land and air to "oil and petrol," and we can see him off in both. After that one comes back to endurance. We know well that the German people have been brought up to every kind of privation and endurance, and that anything from 40 to 80 per cent. of the nation are, at the moment, behind Hitler; they dare not be anything else and are not allowed even to think anything else, and Hitler has been clever in providing a screen which prevents them from knowing anything. Our main purpose is to break that screen, and give them even a glimpse of the truth—not an easy problem. The lack of easy success promised, the separation from their menfolk, and the increased hardships of life will all help us to destroy the screen.

To us this waiting is equally trying. We do, however, as Mr. Winston Churchill said at the Guildhall, get incidents like the victory over the *Graf Spee* to "warm the cockles of our hearts." We know how to remain cheerful. It is born in us. We grumble and grouse but we know that we are part of a team. We don't mind a bit as long as we all share alike.

My own trouble is to draw a line between "Finland" and "Funland." My wife is busy collecting for the Finns, and I am president, amongst other things, of Clara Novello Davies' Musical Instrument Fund for getting musical instruments for the troops. I am terrified lest a Finn should, through my carelessness, receive a large package in which, instead of the expected warm clothing, he will find a big drum!

I myself do not think the sitting-down policy will continue much longer. It leads nowhere, though in the end we should undoubtedly win. Hitler will not be so foolish as to attack the Maginot Line. He dare not sacrifice his armies to that extent.

No one who heard the Prime Minister's speech at Birmingham last Saturday could fail to have been deeply impressed. He was speaking on his native heath, and no more clear picture could have possibly been presented. He paid a well-deserved tribute to the gallant defence being put up by Finland. He pointed out the tremendous work and achievements of our Navy and seamen of all kinds, and referred to the splendid work and co-operation of the R.A.F., and also to the very real co-operation between us and the French. He stated quite clearly the objects for which we are fighting, and made a gracious reference to the efforts which are being made by the men and women of the nation, and also of the grand response of our Dominions and colonies. He emphasised that we want nothing, but that we are determined not to surrender to the threats of Hitler and Goebbels.

Germany can have peace to-morrow, and no one would be more glad than the British nation to see her return to peace, culture, art, and music, and to end her cry of armaments and world domination. As the Prime Minister said, we have no reason to fear the result of the present conflict. The next move is with Germany, but it is obvious after all that has happened in the breaking of treaties and international agreements we cannot deal with the present Nazi power.

No one could have put our case more clearly. No man could have paid a higher tribute to the nation which stands behind him. Comfort and assurance must have been his in the knowledge that the loyalty of his native Birmingham was reflected throughout the Empire.

WINTER'S GRIP OVER THE NORTHERN HEMISPHERE

UNPRECEDENTED IN THE MEMORY OF MAN: THE FROZEN SEA ROUND THE NORTH OF DENMARK—A VIEW TAKEN FROM THE AIR

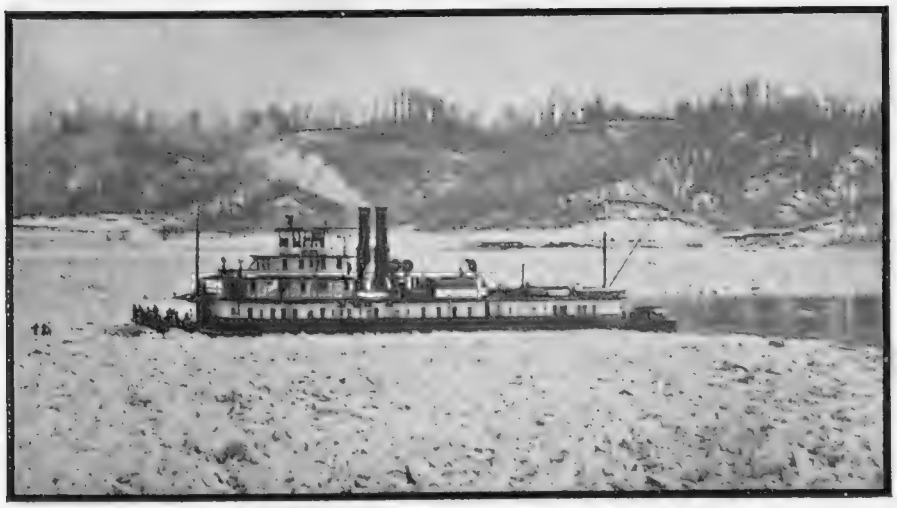
All Danish waters were closed last week by the ice and every connection between the Danish isles was interrupted. Only by air was it possible to transport passengers, mail, and goods from one part of the country to another. In this picture taken over the Kattegat the ice-breaker ferry *Fenris* is seen slowly making its way through the frozen seas. Members of the crew are seen walking on the ice beside the vessel

FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE 1889: CROSSING THE GREAT BELT ON FOOT BESIDE BOATS

A view of the frozen Great Belt connecting Seeland and Funen in Denmark. The boats and sledges, laden with merchandise, took ten hours to cross the belt, a distance of eleven miles. The boats were pushed by oars which were so fixed as to enable the men to cling to them should the ice burst

CROSSING THE FROZEN DANUBE ON FOOT FROM THE RUMANIAN SHORE

The locking of the Danube owing to the great frost has enabled people to walk across and convey goods by sledge over the ice. It has also been responsible for the holding up of much-needed merchandise for Germany



THE MISSISSIPPI, CHOKED WITH ICE, RENDERS TRAFFIC IMPOSSIBLE

The 200-ft. towboat *Indiana*, bound for Cincinnati, found a vast ice pack blocking the route in the Mississippi River. Members of the *Indiana's* crew can be seen walking on the ice ahead of the boat which tried to batter a channel through the ice which blocked the river for the first time in twenty-three years

THE OHIO RIVER HAS ALSO BEEN CHOKED WITH ICE

From shore to shore and as far as the eye could see, the Ohio River has been filled with floating cakes of ice. Never in recent times, it is said, has the river carried so much ice

THE TANK IS BUT THE SPEARHEAD OF THE MECHANISED ARMY; BEHIND IT COME LINES OF LORRIES — GREAT AND SMALL

This specialised type of power-driven tractor, each hauling a trailer, is evidence of the diversity of the great motorised force which performs a thousand tasks

ARMY LORRIES AWAITING TRANSHIPMENT ACROSS THE CHANNEL TO FRANCE

All petrol is pumped out of an army lorry before it is sent over to the forces in France

WHAT is the difference between the mechanisation of an army and the adoption of tank units proper? This can best be explained by a comparison with the medieval knight in armour. The knight himself, mail-clad and grasping lance or sword, fulfilled the same function as the modern tank. He was designed to intimidate, then to attack and destroy the enemy. But his mail-clad horse carrying the knight to battle was the ancient equivalent of the mechanised unit.

So the modern soldier goes to war on wheels, and fights amid the din of grinding gears and the stench of exhaust fumes. The average civilian thinks of tanks alone when army mechanisation is mentioned, but these are the spearhead only, and behind stretch miles of roadway occupied by motor vehicles of all descriptions, from monstrous eight-wheeled lorries to racing auto-cycles.

European armies entered the Great War on horseback and celebrated Armistice Day on the driving seat. It was soon found that motor-driven vehicles were infinitely more speedy and enduring for most supply purposes than horse-hauled carriages and carts. I shall never forget the mystery port of Richborough on the Kentish coast towards the end of that war, when thousands of vehicles of all descriptions stood arrayed for transportation to France.

The petrol-engine not only justified itself as a means of propulsion for tanks in that war, but also for armoured cars, for supply and gun-carrier units, for ambulances, dispatch-riders and gentlemen of Headquarters Staff. (Nice work for the Rolls-Royces!)

A LIGHT CATERPILLAR VEHICLE RUMBLES THROUGH FRANCE

There is a seat for three in front and another on the near side towards the spectator. The roof shelter can be erected very rapidly

A LORRY CONVOY HALTS IN A PLEASANT POSITION IN FRANCE

The tall boles of the trees make this spot a very attractive one. In the shadow of the tree trunks, the line of lorries has come to rest for the midday dinner

MOTORING TO WAR

The Equipment of a Mechanised Army

Described by
DONALD COWIE

They were armoured cars of that revered make, however, that finally established the fighting value of mechanised units in the Middle East and at the battle of Amiens. And they had the significant honour of leading the British forces across the Rhine to victory's end in Cologne.

Subsequently, the same Richborough to which I have referred was a graveyard dumping-ground for thousands of those demobilised mechanical heroes; and the British Army had no encouragement to develop the new methods for a long period of years. A certain number of armoured cars were built for the Indian Army and later for mechanised cavalry regiments and Yeomanry units of the Territorial Army. Supply lorries of all kinds were "maintained," but that was about all.

Then came Hore-Belisha and the series of reforms that will one day be regarded as a turning point in British military history. Announcing his plans in 1938, the Secretary of State for War foreshadowed what would eventually amount to the complete motorisation of the Army and the ultimate disappearance of infantry as symbolised by marching columns of men. Not only the R.A.S.C., but also pedestrian, equestrian and fighting corps of all kinds were at once planning and organising, pestering co-opted motor and engineering works for delivery of the myriad new vehicles.

Everyone now has a vague idea of their appearance at least. But how many people realise that within a short time the number of motor vehicles in the British Army rose from 4,000 to 24,000? To-day's figures would be still more astonishing. The range is remarkable, from wireless vans to tractors for heavy and light guns, from water carriers to searchlight lorries, carriers for pontoon parts to trailers for bridge girders, petrol tankers, first-aid workshops, complete brigade and divisional headquarters on wheels, and, of course, armoured cars.

A type of the last-named that has been specially developed in recent years is the six-wheeled Lanchester, capable of 45 m.p.h. on roads and 150 miles without a petrol refill, with sufficient power in its 40-h.p. engines to carry a crew of four, with a machine-gun and anti-tank gun co-axially mounted in its turret.

It is true that the vulnerability of its pneumatic tyres and its poor performance in cross-country work militate against the offensive power of the armoured car to-day. The modern commander, however, uses it mainly for advanced reconnaissance work—and for the conveyance of himself and staff. The infantry would theoretically follow in four-wheeled 15-cwt. trucks with oversize tyres and high road clearance—seven soldiers apiece in full fighting order.

As for foreign armies, our good allies the French have some excellent armoured cars made by the Berliet firm, both four-wheelers and six-wheelers, with speeds of over 40 m.p.h.

Italy started by building those strange Pavesi cross-country cars with their separately-articulated wheels, but has lately concentrated on very fast, heavily-armoured road vehicles capable of high speeds. The mechanised units of the German Army have two main types of armoured cars, a light four-wheeler of about 3 tons, with a light machine-gun, and an 8-ton six-wheeler with a small gun and machine-gun.

THE FRENCH ARMY AUTHORITIES HAVE PROVIDED SOME EXCELLENT TYPES OF ARMOURED CARS

The French armoured cars are of either four-wheeler or six-wheeler type. Some of the types used come from the Berliet firm's factories

A COLLABORATION ON THE ROAD BETWEEN BRITISH AND FRENCH MOTORISED VEHICLES

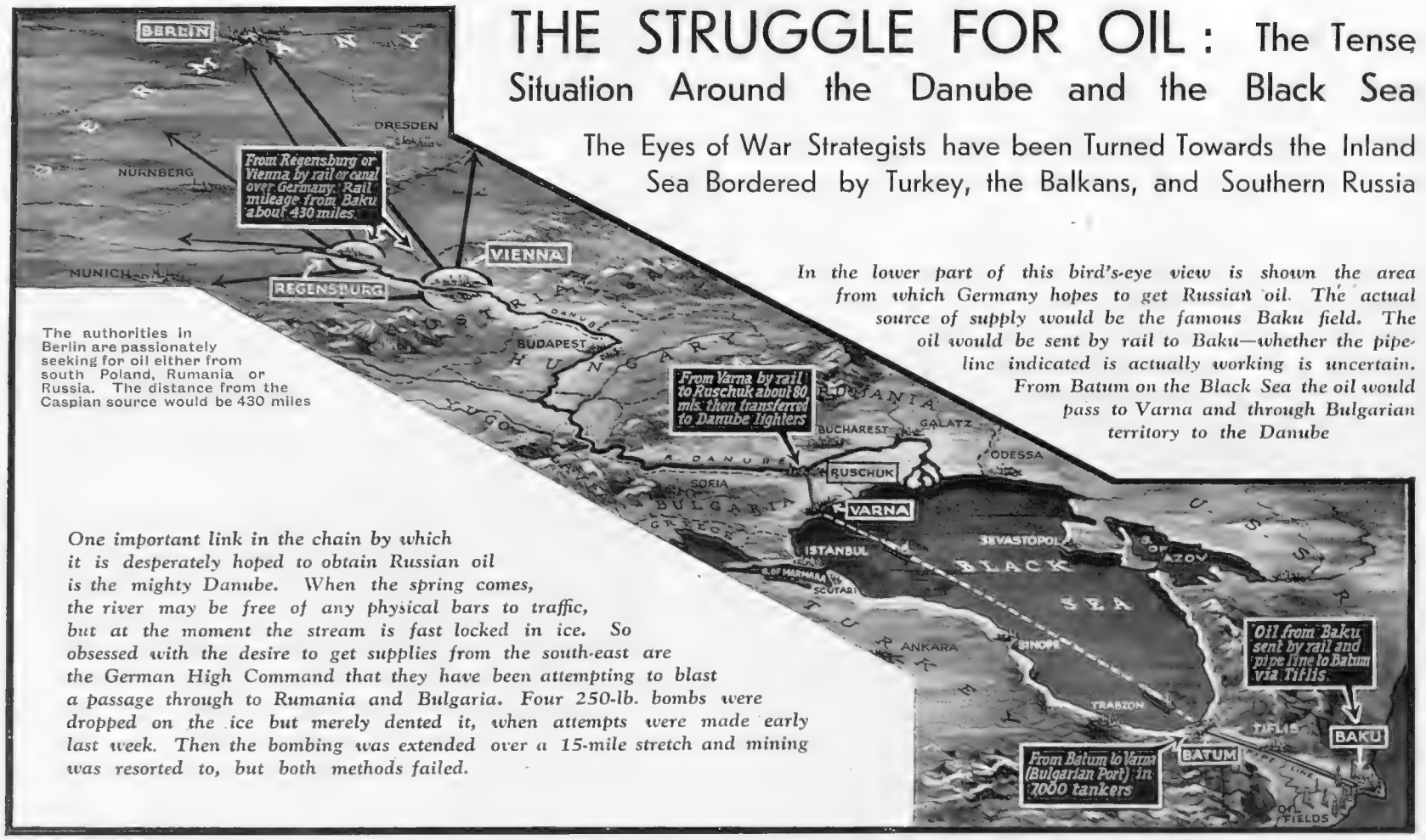
A massively built lorry has gone adrift at the side of the road, where a caterpillar is able to lend useful aid

JUST A FEW OF THE TENS OF THOUSANDS OF MECHANISED FORMS OF ARMY TRANSPORT

When the army came to be mechanised thoroughly under the Hore-Belisha regime, the number of vehicles rose from 4,000 to 24,000. What the number is to-day, only those in touch with supply can know, but it is immense. The modern soldier goes to war, seated, but amid the din of grinding gears

THE STRUGGLE FOR OIL: The Tense Situation Around the Danube and the Black Sea

The Eyes of War Strategists have been Turned Towards the Inland Sea Bordered by Turkey, the Balkans, and Southern Russia



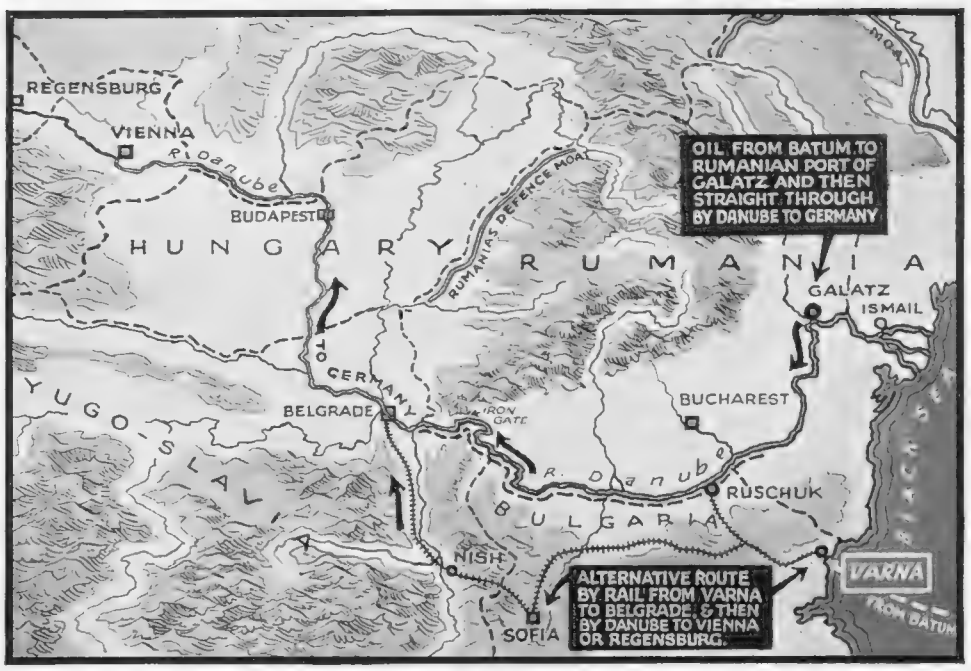
In the lower part of this bird's-eye view is shown the area from which Germany hopes to get Russian oil. The actual source of supply would be the famous Baku field. The oil would be sent by rail to Baku—whether the pipe-line indicated is actually working is uncertain. From Batum on the Black Sea the oil would pass to Varna and through Bulgarian territory to the Danube

One important link in the chain by which it is desperately hoped to obtain Russian oil is the mighty Danube. When the spring comes, the river may be free of any physical bars to traffic, but at the moment the stream is fast locked in ice. So obsessed with the desire to get supplies from the south-east are the German High Command that they have been attempting to blast a passage through to Rumania and Bulgaria. Four 250-lb. bombs were dropped on the ice but merely dented it, when attempts were made early last week. Then the bombing was extended over a 15-mile stretch and mining was resorted to, but both methods failed.

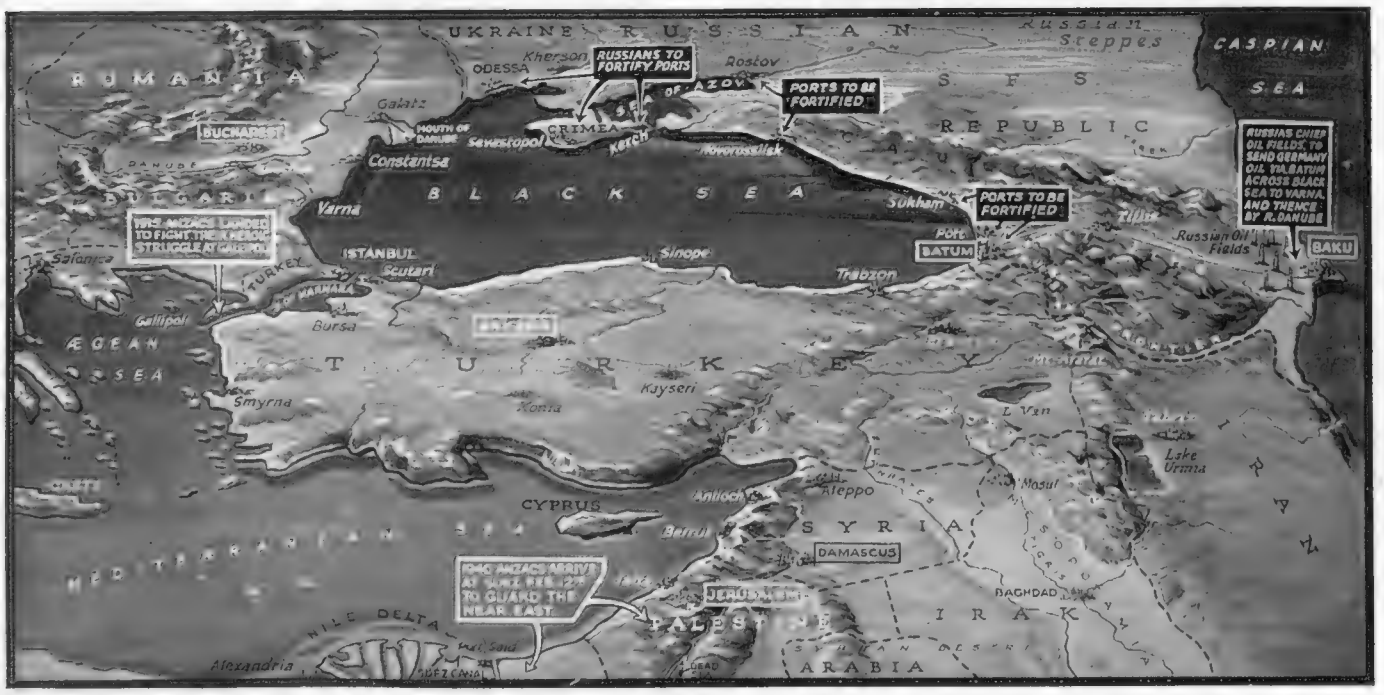
GERMANY'S hunger for oil is a question which occupies columns of reports from the special correspondents of the daily press both in this country and in neutral lands. The military command of the Reich are reported to have been so impressed by the serious drain on Germany's stock of petrol engendered by the mechanised attack on Poland that every effort is being made to find some prospect of a steady supply through the coming spring and summer.

That Germany is no longer certain of her hold on the Balkan states was the impression gathered during last week. Certainly she is not the only competitive factor in the Danubian area. Italy seeks an increase of Rumanian oil exports, and Great Britain has been putting her own view forward concerning the disposition of Rumania's oil. The unsatisfactory nature of certain replies led to the imposition of a ban on exports to Rumania. This has now been happily removed.

"The decision to withdraw the embargo has had a salutary effect not only economically but politically," writes one correspondent. "The decision



More than one route is suggested for passing on Russian oil to Germany if circumstances are favourable in the spring. It might come direct to the port of Galatz (*see* view on left), near the mouth of the Danube, and then proceed by Ruschuk, or Russe, as it has now been renamed, through the Iron Gate to the farthest point of navigable water. Bulgaria, Rumania, and Hungary would all be concerned in this passage of war material in the shape of oil



THE PROBLEM OF THE BLACK SEA AND ITS SURROUNDING TERRITORIES, SOME FRIENDLY AND OTHERS OF THE 1940 TYPE OF NEUTRALITY

The area shown here is veritably a chessboard with kings, knights and pawns all in a state of semi-quiescence but liable to move as time advances. Germany is thrusting down with her technical advisers to the shores of southern Russia. Just how far a business friendship between Russia and Germany may develop is the problem which dominates this area of the world

entirely takes the wind out of the sails of German propagandists. There is now renewed confidence in Rumania in British sense of economic fair dealing. The decision will also react favourably on the oil negotiations now proceeding. Merchants are once again able to quote customers with estimates for much-needed raw materials for non-army purposes."

At the same time, muddy waters are again being stirred from the direction of Hungary, where German influence is prompting articles on the old Transylvanian soreness. "It is clear that Germany is, on the one hand, encouraging Hungary to push her claims and, on the other hand, offering Rumania tempting guarantees against Hungarian aggression."

A further complication is introduced into this tangled skein by the apparent blocking of the railway line through Russian Poland. "No tank car has passed over the line for the Germans, who are afraid that the oil will be kept by the Russians"—so Orasheni is not proving the friendly gateway that Berlin had hoped for.

Away to the eastward the eye settles on Turkey, lying on the flank of the desired oil route detailed on this page. Will all go smoothly when the ice melts? There are already rumours of 500,000 Russian troops gathering in the Caucasus, but Ankara is well aware of the possibilities in its own sphere.

THE LIGHT CAVALRY OF THE SEA

Fast Motor Torpedo-boats Which Are Helping in the War Against the U-boat

DASHING TOWARDS THEIR OBJECTIVE AT A TREMENDOUS SPEED

These fast, surface-skimming craft are armed with torpedo tubes and other offensive armament, as seen below. They are playing their part in the war against the U-boat—a war which employs a multitude of varying combatants

THE QUADRUPLE LEWIS GUN IN ITS RAISED POSITION FOR BEATING OFF AN AIR ATTACK

The armament of a motor torpedo-boat is varied and effective. Besides the torpedoes there is this excellent gun, and a barrel depth-charge to the left

A DIFFICULT ANTAGONIST TO AVOID IF HE IS DETERMINED TO GET YOU

Any enemy vessel of a sluggish type has to be very quick with its look-out men, for these vessels streak across the water at an unnerving speed

NEW LIGHT on the "GRAF SPEE" ACTION

Now that Two of the Ships have Returned, it is Possible to Add many New Details to the Picture of the Great Fight of the British Cruisers in the South Atlantic

By FRANK BOWEN

IT is gratifying to note that the additional facts which have come to light since the return of H.M.S. *Ajax* and *Exeter* to this country do nothing to detract from the glory suggested by the earlier reports, and the American estimate that it was "the greatest de-bunking in modern history" may still stand. Although the German crew obviously realised that the *Admiral Graf Spee* fell very far short of the reports issued by the Berlin Propaganda Department, yet on her verified features she should have been able to blow her three opponents out of the water without the least difficulty. The reception which the public spontaneously awarded the crews when they landed was well deserved by men whose gallantry and dogged persistence won a magnificent victory.

Although professional naval men were from the beginning doubtful about the subtly-vaunted qualities of the *Graf Spee*, and became still more doubtful when practical seamen who had encountered them at sea told what they had observed, the Germans were taken sufficiently seriously for France to build battleships of no less than 26,500 tons in order to counter them. Laymen accepted the statement that it was only these ships, and the three British battle-cruisers, which could hope to catch and meet one of the "pocket battleships" on even terms, and the official hint that the Admiralty was confident that two of our first-line, 10,000-ton, 8-in.-gun cruisers had a very fair chance of success was ridiculed. The *Admiral Graf Spee* was driven into ignominious flight by a second-line 8-in.-gun ship and two third-line 6-in.-gun vessels. After which the German Admiralty Staff, which had boasted so much about the remarkable features of their "wonder-ships," declared that they were only designed to work against unarmed merchantmen (with 11-in. guns!), and therefore could not be expected to stand up against cruisers.

Certainly there has been no such naval de-bunking since the crack Russian battleship, whose wonderful secret features had been hinted at, shook herself to pieces and foundered through the first trial discharge of her big guns.

HItherto there has been a good deal of misconception concerning the action, especially in the suggestion that the Chargeurs Reunis liner *Formose* was sent out by the British as a decoy ship to draw the *Admiral Graf Spee* into the arms of the British squadron. Had there been any such idea she would not have been dispatched until heavier metal could have been brought across the Atlantic from South Africa to assure the destruction of the raider. The *Formose* was an innocent merchant ship, pursuing her lawful occasions, and the *Admiral Graf Spee* attacked her well inside the American Republic's 300-mile Neutrality Zone, about which so much has been heard in condemnation of the British action. It was not until an unidentified warship gave chase that the French captain headed for the protection of the shore at his full speed of 12 knots and wirelessed for assistance.

Her calls for help were picked up by Commodore Henry Harwood, of the South American section of the American and West Indian Squadron, who had his broad pendant flying in H.M.S. *Ajax* and had with him his former flagship the *Exeter* and the cruiser *Achilles*.

The British cruiser squadron had been concentrated in those waters entirely owing to the careful consideration which the Commodore had given to the possibilities of German action. He had no definite information, but the news that he had received of the sinking of British merchantmen suggested that the *Admiral Graf Spee* would make towards the South American coast as a natural strategical movement. The three cruisers realised that the distress call of the *Formose* gave the position of their enemy and they immediately raced towards her, the *Ajax* arriving first and immediately laying a smoke screen for the protection of the merchant ship.

Her two consorts were close astern and the *Admiral Graf Spee* opened fire on H.M.S. *Exeter* soon after six o'clock at a range of 25,000 yards, at which her 11-in. guns, of which Krupps had been so proud, quite outranged the British ship's 8-inchers. The *Graf Spee* did not at once find the range and it was not until the *fifth salvo* that she began to hit and one shell from the seventh salvo did a lot of damage to the *Exeter's* forward 8-in. gun turret. In spite of this punishment, and the obvious risks she was running, the *Exeter* used her superior speed to close the range instead of opening it, as the pre-war theorists had always suggested, and took her punishment for nearly an hour.

Soon after 7 a.m. she had only one 8-in. gun in action, and that served by hand, the power steering gear had been damaged and the ship was being conned with a boat compass from a position near the mainmast, orders being carried by a chain of men on the open upper deck to the hand steering gear. She was finally forced to fall out of the action seriously damaged by numerous fires.

She had been fighting on the port side of the big German, and astern of her the little *Achilles* was doing her best as soon as her 6-in. guns came into range, while on the starboard side the *Ajax* was doing equally good work. Like the *Exeter*, they were closing the range in spite of their inferior size and armament and were soon beginning to hit with their 6-in. guns. Nominally inferior to the German 5·9, about which Krupps had been inordinately proud, they were scoring well, while the practice of the *Admiral Graf Spee's* secondary battery was poor.

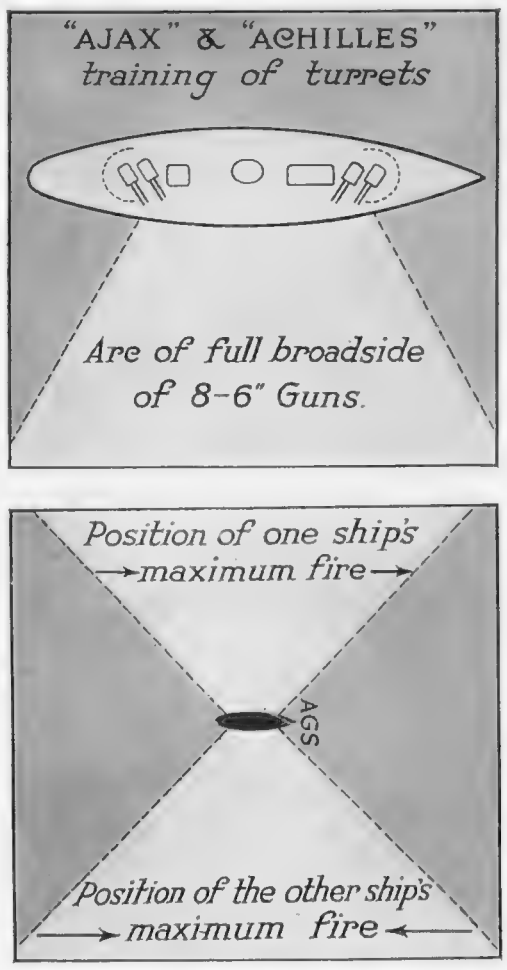
After the withdrawal of the *Exeter* a long, running fight ensued which lasted all through the afternoon, the two smaller British ships, to the surprise of the *Graf Spee* officers, hanging on doggedly. The *Graf Spee* during this period had been keeping well out to sea, but as afternoon fell to evening she turned towards the shelter of territorial waters. Both sides used smoke screens as protection, but they were far more effective on the part of the British ships and both dropped torpedoes as much for their own safety as in the hope of hitting the enemy. Both cruisers finally contrived to get inshore of the pocket battleship so that they had her silhouetted against the light while they themselves were made almost invisible by the high land.

The *Admiral Graf Spee* lost no time in making for the open sea with the two terriers snapping at her heels, and by that time her gunnery was deteriorating rapidly. Even small shells hitting the control tower had upset the elaborate mechanism on which the Germans relied, while the British gunlayers had proved themselves capable of acting independently as their forebears had done in the days of the wooden walls. Common prudence, and the ideal of keeping the main object in view, forced them to open the range when it became obvious that the German, which was too big to be sunk by their small guns, was in full flight and only desired to find the shelter of neutral waters. But they kept up the pursuit and did not give her a moment's peace. Both vessels sustained considerable damage and some casualties, but they hung on far into the evening and contrived to do more and more damage to the flying German until she reached territorial waters.

When H.M.S. *Cumberland* had replaced the *Exeter* in the British squadron after the action, mounting eight 8-in. guns instead of the *Exeter's* six, but having no more protection against the big German 11-in. shells, Hitler, to his eternal disgrace, ordered the *Admiral Graf Spee* to be scuttled rather than face the British squadron of practically unprotected ships.

When the full story of the account is officially published, giving far more detail than the censorship will release, there are a number of factors in the action which will promote discussion. In the meantime, things which contributed to the British success are Commodore (now Rear-Admiral Sir) Henry Harwood's foresight in transferring his broad pendant to the smaller and rather faster *Ajax*, the superb handling of the British ships which permitted them to give the greatest punishment while they avoided being sunk themselves.

British merchant officers who were prisoners in the *Admiral Graf Spee* tell how the Germans, cock-a-hoop at the beginning of the action and regarding themselves as unsinkable, lost their confidence and their efficiency when their ship was repeatedly hit by British shells, even small ones, while the progress of the action shows that the morale of the British seamen was in no way impaired by the heavy damage caused by the German 11-in. guns. As one example out of many, it is only necessary to consider the cool behaviour of the bluejackets of H.M.S. *Exeter*, forming a chain to pass orders along the exposed upper deck when she had been so damaged that her ordinary protected steering gear was useless.



WHY THE "AJAX" AND "ACHILLES" SOUGHT TO KEEP ON THE BROADSIDE OF THE "GRAF SPEE": Two diagrams illustrating the turret range factor. The *Achilles* fired 200 broadsides

A TIME CHART OF THE "GRAF SPEE" FIGHT

As Recorded by A. D. Dixon, of the S.S. "Tairoa," Prisoner on the "Graf Spee"

December 13

5.30 a.m.:

The imprisoned officers awakened by alarm bells on the *Graf Spee*. These were quickly followed by a tremendous crash of an 11-in. gun discharge, fired astern. This was followed by the crash of a salvo. The *Graf Spee* heeled over as she began to zig-zag.
It was evident that the *Graf Spee* was firing from both sides.
The glare of the burning seaplane could be seen through rivet holes.
German seamen were observed to be wearing gas masks. This was to protect them from the fumes of explosives and also of a powerful new disinfectant, which was sprayed over the deck and the bodies of the killed.

10.10 a.m.:

A shell landed on the bulkhead of the prisoners' quarters. All lights went out. Shell splinters penetrated the wardroom.

Lunch Time:

As the cook's galley had been hit, weak limejuice was served instead of the usual coffee.
There was a quiet period during the afternoon, but as evening came on the *Graf Spee* again began firing. It was evident she was being hit by the return fire from the *Achilles* and *Ajax*. The officers judged that the stern of the ship was being turned towards the British cruisers. This burst of firing was followed by another lull — and the officers retired to bed.

9.45 p.m.:

One of the *Graf Spee's* 11-in. guns fired again. There were three deliberate shots, the last occurring at 10.15 p.m.

December 14

12.30 a.m.:

The imprisoned officers awakened by the ship's vibration as she went astern and by the entry of the German Lieut.-Commander, who said, "Gentlemen, you are free. We are at Montevideo. It is my turn to be a prisoner."

HOODWINKED BY DEPTH-CHARGES

An "Exeter" Seaman's Account

"The *Graf Spee's* aim was good during the first quarter of an hour," he said, "but afterwards we bluffed them. They had been getting too close to us, *so whenever we saw her guns flash we threw out depth-charges some distance from the ship.* These burst at the same time as the *Graf Spee's* own shells, so she must have been very uncertain as to *where they were falling.*"

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THE FRENCH SUBMARINE "PEGASUS."—THE COMMANDER AT THE PERISCOPE WHILST THE SUBMARINE IS SURFACING

THE SUBMARINE'S SAFETY DIVING BELL UNDER THE AFT HATCHES.—AN ENTIRELY NEW VIEW OF A MOST IMPORTANT PART OF THE SUBMARINE'S EQUIPMENT. BY THIS MEANS ASCENTS TO THE SURFACE CAN BE MADE IN DIRE NECESSITY

THE T.B.D. "SIROCCO," WHICH HAS ALREADY SUNK THREE GERMAN SUBMARINES—ON NOVEMBER 15 AND 20, AND DECEMBER 16

THE CAPTAIN OF THE "SIROCCO" WAITING TO GREET THE FRENCH PREMIER

THE SUPERSTRUCTURE OF A MODERN FRENCH DESTROYER—SHOWING A WEALTH OF DEFENSIVE AND OFFENSIVE ARMAMENT, COMPRESSED INTO A SMALL SPACE

way, would be drafted into the army, or else from a special class which desires to go to sea. It is quite a common thing for the male members of certain families to serve in the Navy for generations. The system dates back to the time of Colbert, who is often referred to as the "Father of the French Navy." These families who, in practically all cases, live in small towns or villages on the sea coast, enjoy certain privileges.

The Ministre de la Marine, which corresponds to the British First Lord of the Admiralty, has as an advisory council six vice-admirals and also a member of the General Staff. It is the Minister, however, who himself nominates the members of this advisory committee.

It is an open secret, I believe, that in the present war one of the principal interests of the French Navy is the policing of the Mediterranean. It is not necessary, I feel sure, to stress the importance of this silent work, of a highly unspectacular nature, but one which is of the very greatest importance in the eventual victory. Not only has the French Navy to carry out the policing of the seas in the sense that it has to search hundreds and hundreds of cargo ships, but now I am able to reveal that a very important job has been undertaken by the Navy: I refer to when it convoyed a very large French colonial army.

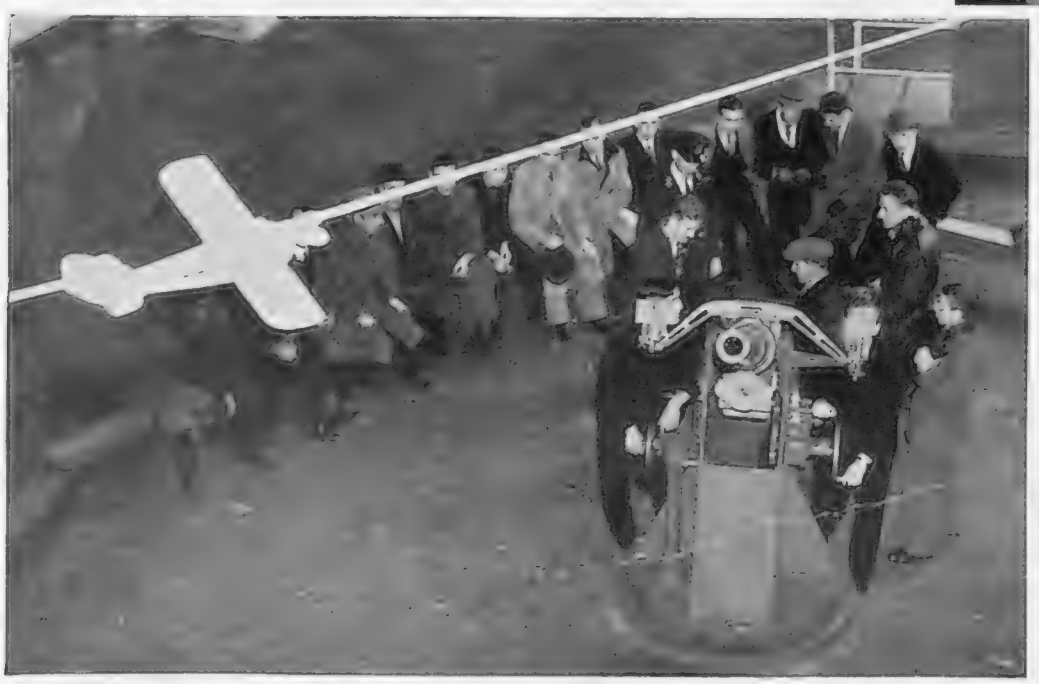
In the last war, the French Navy, as I had occasion myself to know, carried out work also of a very constructive nature and also unspectacular; the French Navy never took part in any major naval battle. It is consequently natural, perhaps, that little is heard of the work of the navy of our ally. Occasionally, there are a few lines in the newspapers when a unit of the French Navy carries out something particularly spectacular, for instance when the destroyer *Sirocco* finished off three German submarines. But whether the exploits of the Navy get into print or not, the work goes on. Battleships, cruisers, destroyers, submarines, minesweepers, aircraft-carriers, flying-boats, and all the instruments of naval warfare combine into one great and useful unit which is the backbone of the silent Navy of France.

ARMING THE MERCHANTMEN

"Every Vessel Must be Effectively Armed to Resist Murderous Attacks"—Mr. Winston Churchill on February 15

MOUNTING THE GUN ON THE MERCHANT VESSEL'S STERN—IN SOME INSTANCES, OF COURSE, THE DECK HAS TO BE SPECIALLY STRENGTHENED TO WITHSTAND THE GREAT RECOIL OF THE GUN

A MEMBER OF THE GUN CREW OF A MERCHANT SHIP AT THE SIGHTS: THESE GUN CREWS ARE GIVEN A SPECIAL COURSE IN THE HANDLING OF THEIR NEW DEFENSIVE WEAPONS



MERCHANT SEAMEN PRACTISE SIGHTING ON A MODEL AEROPLANE DURING INSTRUCTION, USING THE QUICK HIGH-ANGLE AND LOW-ANGLE GUN

In accordance with Mr. Winston Churchill's recent statement in the House of Commons, all British merchantmen are to be defensively armed, to resist the murderous attacks of the enemy at sea. Nearly half of Britain's 21,000,000 tons of shipping is, in fact, already armed, and the arming of the remainder is proceeding at top speed. In several schools, on training ships and elsewhere, officers and petty officers of the Royal Navy are training the merchantmen's crews in the use of guns, so that they can handle the defensive armament with which passenger ships, cargo vessels, trading steamers and tramps are being equipped. Within a few hours of the gun being mounted, the ship leaves dock for gunnery trials, where the crew then put into practice what they have been taught during their course of intensive training on shore.

LOADING AUSTRALIAN WOOL FOR ENGLAND: NOTE THE DEFENSIVE ANTI-SUBMARINE GUN (ON RIGHT) AND THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN (ON LEFT) ON THE LINER'S STERN

A MERCHANT SEAMAN RECEIVING INSTRUCTION IN THE LOADING OF SHELLS

BILL LEE, A TYPICAL SEA-FARING MAN, MEMBER OF THE CREW OF A CARGO BOAT, WHO WILL DEFEND HIS SHIP TO THE UTMOST WHEN THE TIME COMES TO DO SO

The NIGHT FLYERS of the BOMBER COMMAND

A Glimpse at the Never-ceasing Work of the Fast-flying Bombers who have been Penetrating Deep into Hostile Territory by Night

Described by NOEL THOMPSON

IT may be that at night you have listened in to Bremen or Hamburg and have heard the stations suddenly "go dead." Next morning in the newspapers you probably read that the stations had closed down without warning and that presumably this was due to the presence nearby of British aircraft.

"Presumably" is the only word which can be used because it depends on the German ideas as to whether they decide to close down, but it is an extremely likely presumption. For the flights of our Bomber Command, which include the Security Patrol, have been more numerous and thorough than anyone in this country realises and, in fact, than the High Command in Germany know. In fact, we have been all over Germany. The land has been quartered and inspected as though it was a piece of cheese under a microscope, both by night and by day. Reports have been collated and circulated till the question of finding a possible military objective has a certain positive answer. And the average age of the men who have done this unpublicised and unspectacular work is round about twenty-three. But what invaluable work!

I can say no more than that we have been over Berlin more than once, and yet Berlin was considered by the German High Command to be out of reach. And everyone in Berlin must have heard the guns because it is officially reported by our aeroplanes that every anti-aircraft gun in the vicinity was firing—but entirely without effect, which must have been a nasty blow to Field-Marshal Göring's boasted defences, and must equally have had a tremendous moral effect on the citizens.

Actually the deepest penetration made into enemy country was the successful flight to Vienna and Prague, through which evidence was obtained that both cities were considered, as was Berlin, inaccessible in time of war, an opinion which our bombers, by their astonishing flights, have proved to be entirely unfounded.

Night flying can never be a pleasant experience. The take-off and the landing are the two most unpleasant points in pitch darkness. As one pilot said to me in a natural myosis (or leitotes), "You know, you do miss being able to see a horizon." But thanks to original training in a dual-control machine, with a hood, and later to hours of practice in the dark, our pilots have taken it all as a matter of course—and I am not making a pun on the navigational course which is the secret of our amazing night flyers.

These long flights by night are quite different from those by day. For instance, moonlight casts entirely different shadows from sunlight, and of course different heights and tactics are employed. But what happens at the end of a flight which may have lasted anything between seven and twelve hours is this. The pilot makes out a full report. Each member of the crew, pilot, navigator, wireless operator and gunners, is also individually questioned as to what he has seen, and their answers are collated into another full report which is available for distribution and study for other flights which may be making their first night (or day) excursion.

Snow and rain may make a place unrecognisable, but the mass of information which our night flights have obtained means that the positions of many enemy aerodromes, anti-aircraft guns, and searchlight batteries are known. Meanwhile Germany has done nothing at all over England of the same type and would, if raids come, be working in the mental dark.

It is a revelation to talk to these young pilots, who are as keen and cheerful over their work as if it was a game of squash. They talk about the weather conditions in night flying as though they were just a nuisance, instead of a terrific painful obstacle to be overcome.

"Sorry, can't play squash to-night, I've got a job on"—is a common remark from a pilot who has been warned for night flight duty. And the first snag in the job is the weather.

At 20,000 ft. a pilot found ice on his airscrews. He took off his gloves for a bare moment to adjust his delicate controls, but in that moment his hands were frostbitten. He managed to return safely all the same. On another occasion frost formed inside the bomber as low as 8,000 ft. during a long flight, and one pilot on his way to Munich, flying at only 1,000 ft., found ice had formed over the wings and covered the whole of the front of the cabin. Ice was flying in chunks off the airscrews like machine-gun bullets—and it is in conditions like this that our night flying bombers carry on with machine-like regularity.

An interesting point is that silk next to the skin is much better than wool or cotton for keeping out the cold; on top of that come endless wraps and electrically-heated clothing, but even that hardly protects when ice is inside the cabin. Compared with these troubles, an electrical storm is minor, when the brush discharge outlines the whole aeroplane in a weird glow, and every movement of the crew produces sparks.

As for the activity of the enemy, it is true to say that it has become more troublesome since the early days of the night flights. Then the Bomber Command found defence none too well organised, whereas now anti-aircraft batteries and searchlights work well together. As one of the first pilots to fly over Berlin reported, all guns were brought into action but not a shot reached home, and they were using largely the old "flaming onions" type of shell of the last war.

Nowadays there is stronger defence, and the fighters go up, but it is a proud boast and a true one, that they have never yet managed to break a British formation flight, and aeroplanes whose guns may have jammed have been brought safely home.

In dealing with night flying I cannot mention for obvious reasons the method of recognition if necessary of our returning aeroplanes, nor discuss wireless communication, two points about which the Germans are very anxious to learn something. But no story would be complete without writing about the Security Patrols, which also come under the Bomber Command.

When it was known that the Germans were laying mines from the air, it was decided to nip all such moves in the bud. The Germans were using seaplanes, and we knew their bases, and so the Security Patrols took over the job. Since then there has been very little mine laying. The patrols showed amazing ingenuity in finding out the lairs and getting to work on them. Night after night they set out on their work of hindering and restricting. The German seaplanes must take off with some sort of light. The Security Patrol, unconsciously quoting Shakespeare, murmurs "Put out the light," and does so with a well-aimed bomb.

The effect of this supervision over the Germans must be enormous. Apart from the disorganisation it means a huge loss of morale. The lights are now more often off than on. In all types of weather, mist, snow, hail, fog, the patrol carries on uninterrupted. One German aerodrome was reported so lighted that an enemy machine could be seen landing. But then the news went round that the patrol was in the vicinity and the lights went out and stayed out.

And so for hours in the darkness the patrols keep watch and ensure that every German light is doused, to make flying impossible.

Fighters take off, but keep at a respectful distance usually. Our crews munch their chocolate, raisins, and gulp their coffee despite every effort of the Germans to drive them away. And on their way back home they are ready to bomb any enemy warship they can spot. As one pilot put in his report on arrival back: "Subsidiary task: sighted and bombed an enemy submarine"—and left it at that. That was no casualness, merely routine reporting of a job done. These young men are astonishingly fit, and responsible. They stand up to the strain, for no man in the crew can ever relax for a moment from the time he takes off. And each can interchange jobs if necessary. They work as a team and are as proud of their team as any athlete. Every flight in turn works as a well-drilled team, and they like to keep their ground crews together as an essential part of the team.

As I have said, the average age, of men from all parts of the Empire, is round about twenty-three, so no wonder they like squash best of all games. For indoor games it is snooker or billiards, rather than darts, which is illuminating. No two games call for better and quicker co-ordination of muscle and eye, or for more delicate touch, two essentials of a good pilot, than squash and snooker.

I raised the question of the eyes, because so many people in the black-out complain of blindness (comparatively speaking) while some can see quite well. It goes without saying that every man in the crew has perfect sight, and has been through the most rigorous tests. They seem to have good night eyes, because their eyes are good anyhow. All the same, there are some men who have a natural affinity for night seeing, and that is an advantage.

Back from their flights towards dawn return the night flyers of the R.A.F. "Damned tired" is the usual comment, and a glass of beer or a hot drink and then bed the first requirements. Reports must be made out, and some of them make curious reading. There was one case recently when a low flight over Germany—and this in daytime—had no interference at all. On another occasion a bomber drove off three German fighters at 200 yards, which may throw some light on a mystery of a third bomber, which was spotted flying low by three enemy fighters. They made no attempt whatsoever to attack it, even at odds of three to one.

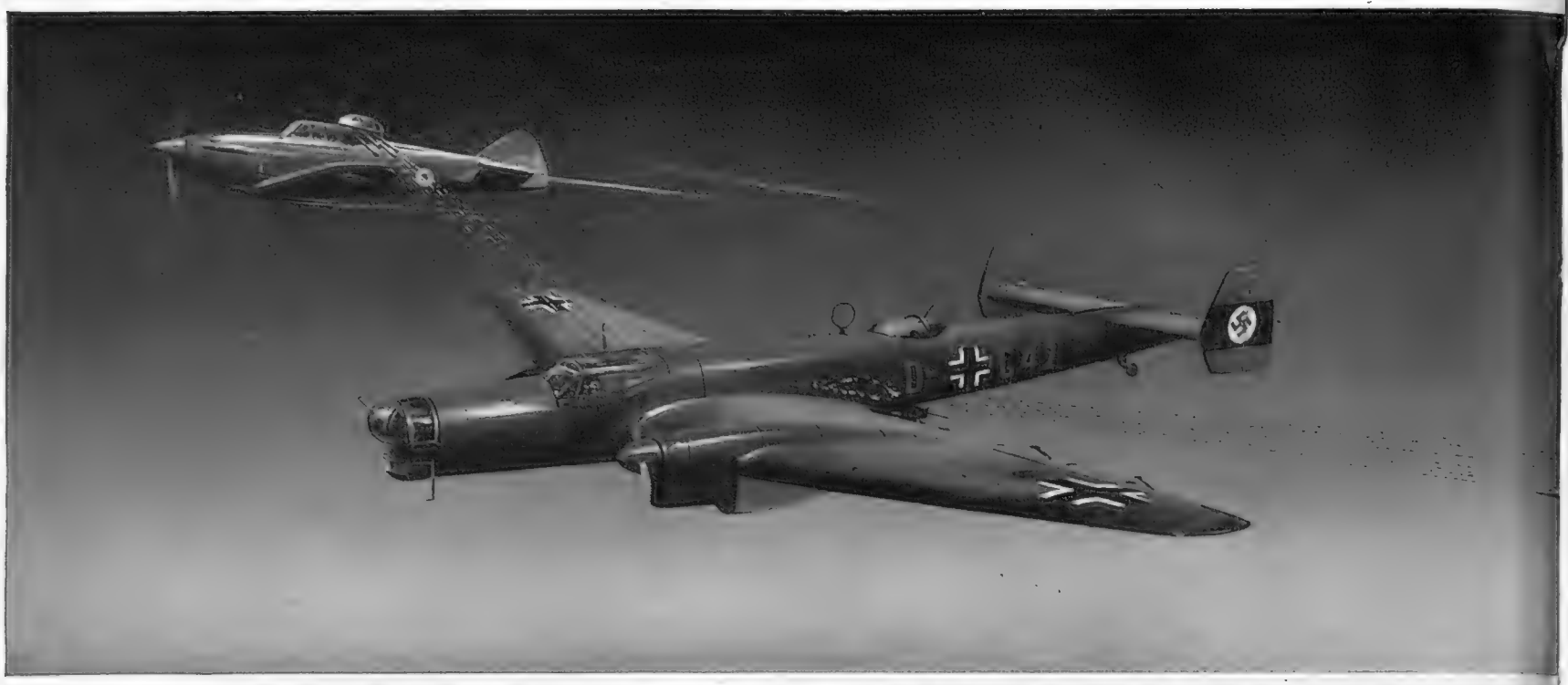
And so, impudently daring and skilfully invaluable, the night and day flyers carry on. Already there has been fifty times as much night work as in the whole of the last war, and their job is never done. They get from the meteorological flights the weather information, which is priceless, whereas the Germans call their flights *falsche propheten*, or false prophets, a name not without truth.

When the history of the war is written the whole truth about these unspectacular—almost routine—flights over enemy territory will be told, and the world will marvel.

So far not a single bomb has been dropped on land by the R.A.F. I should hate to be in Germany—if raids ever do start—by day or night.

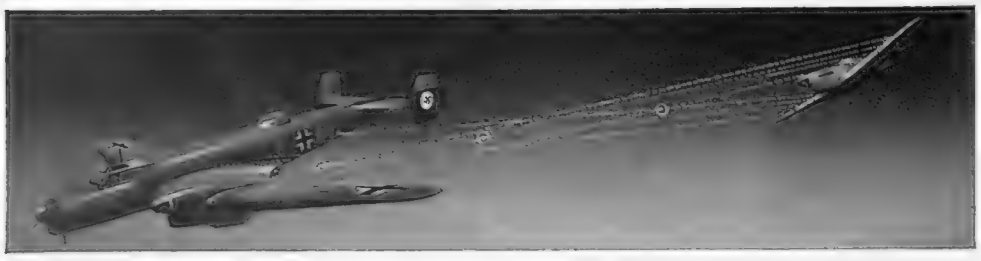
PREPARING TO TAKE OFF FOR A NIGHT FLIGHT OVER GERMANY

This picture was taken on one of the coldest nights ever experienced in France: the temperature when this picture was taken showed 42.50 degrees of frost, and the mechanics had all been given rations of rum to enable them to carry on. The plane is a Fairey Battle, a two-seat bomber which is much liked by the R.A.F. for night flights. Something of the arduous nature of the work on such occasions is well conveyed by Mr. Noel Thompson in the accompanying article



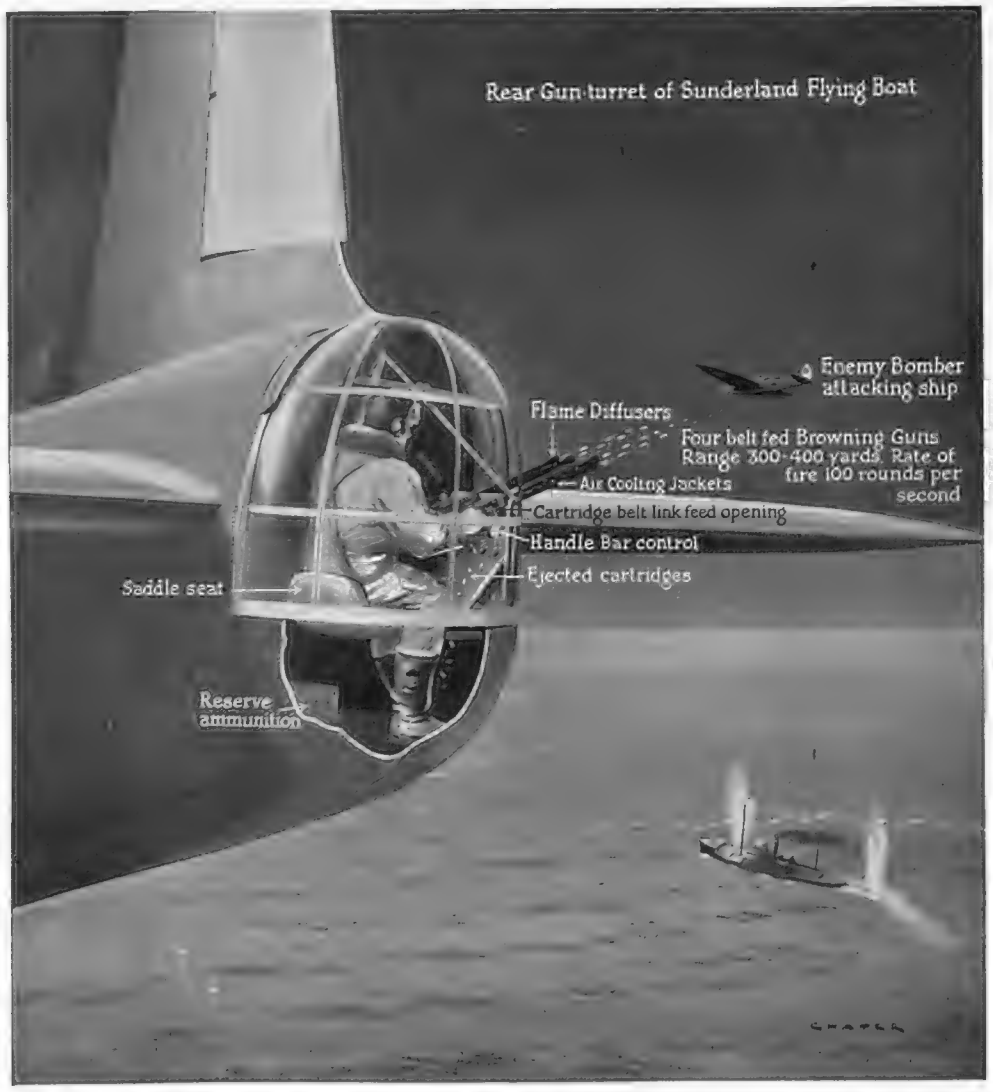
A BOULTON PAUL DEFIANT AND A SPITFIRE ATTACKING A GERMAN BOMBER

The big Junker Ju. 86K. is here being attacked simultaneously by a Defiant (which has a power-driven multi-gun-turret) on the starboard wing, and by a Spitfire on the rear port wing. The fire of the latter is concentrated in such manner as to carve a big hole at the root of the wing. Owing to the shortness of the range the Defiant's power-operated turret, too, can exert a very nasty spraying effect on the enemy. The German bomber is armour-plated; but, owing to the weight involved, only plating 3½ ft. wide is used to guard the pilot to the rear. In the front he is, of course, protected by the engine



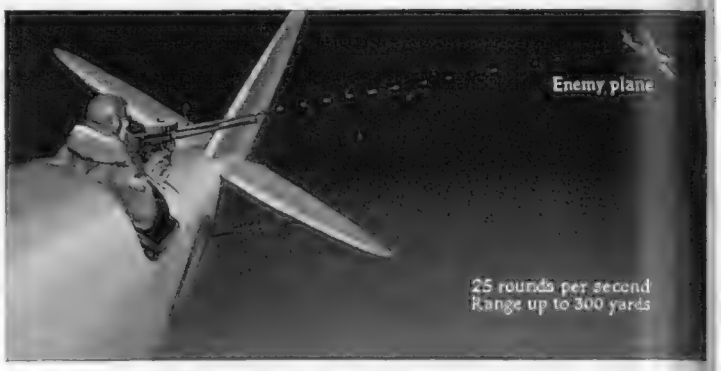
HOW THE SPITFIRE ATTACKS FROM BEHIND THE WING

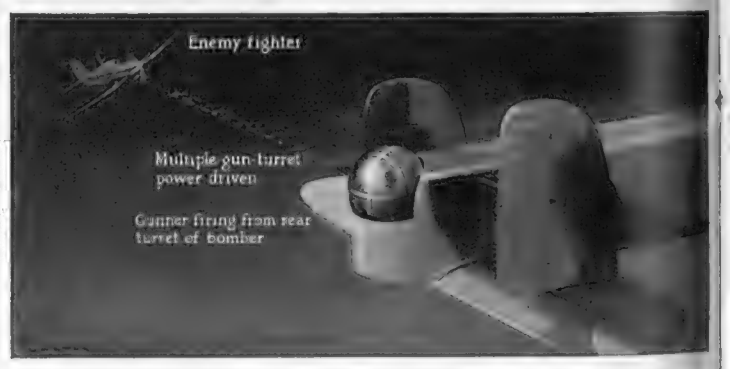
This powerful British plane (incidentally the fastest single-seater fighter in the world) boasts an armament of eight machine-guns set in the leading edge of the wings. These guns are so placed as to converge in pairs at set points, as shown above. The first circle indicates a focal point of 200 yards; the second circle, 300 yards; the third circle, 400 yards. The usual, and most effective, range is at 300 yards, when much damage can be caused by the ripping attack of the eight streams of heavy machine-gun bullets



THE REAR GUN-TURRET OF A SHORT SUNDERLAND FLYING-BOAT

These are the huge aircraft which are operated by the Coastal Command of the R.A.F. (recently illustrated in these pages), and which have been keeping constant vigil on British waters. The power-operated gun-turrets of British aircraft are the best in the world; no details of their actual operation are permitted to be published





HOW THE POWER-OPERATED GUN-TURRET IS MANNED FOR AERIAL COMBAT

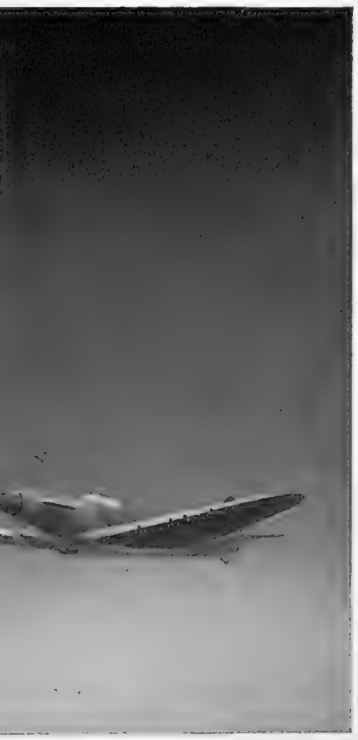
ALTHOUGH the importance of the air gunner, as distinct from the pilot of a single-seater fighter who is necessarily his own gunner, was realised before this war began, it is probably safe to say that nobody realised how important he was going to be. The pilot of any multi-seater military aircraft is largely in the hands of his gunner or gunners when it comes to engagement, because it is in the nature of things that attack will come from a rearward direction far more often than from a direction which would enable the pilot to use his front gun.

Multi-seater machines gave opportunity for the siting of gunner positions in top plane, nose and tail. It was only necessary that the men occupying these positions should be skilled air gunners. The multi-seater machines in the Royal Air Force are either bombers or Coastal Command reconnaissance machines. Therefore, the air gunner has the distinction on active service of always being employed in the most hazardous directions, for although the strategic reconnaissance machines of the Coastal Command are not so subject to enemy attack as are long-range bombers, yet their duties carry them far out into the Atlantic Ocean and towards those dangerous North Sea coastal waters where the wireless must only be used in the greatest emergency.

Air gunners are required to conform to the same high medical standard as that required from pilots.

THE AIR GUNNER IN AERIAL COMBAT

How the Various Methods of Attack Are Carried Out in the Air



It is one thing to fire on the ground or at low heights in a comparatively slow training machine; it is quite another to shoot accurately from a 300-mile-an-hour machine at a height of 20,000 ft. or more, possibly at the end of a two-hour flight, during which even one's electrically-warmed clothing does not suffice entirely to keep out the cold; and at heights above 15,000 ft. there is always the added encumbrance of oxygen apparatus.

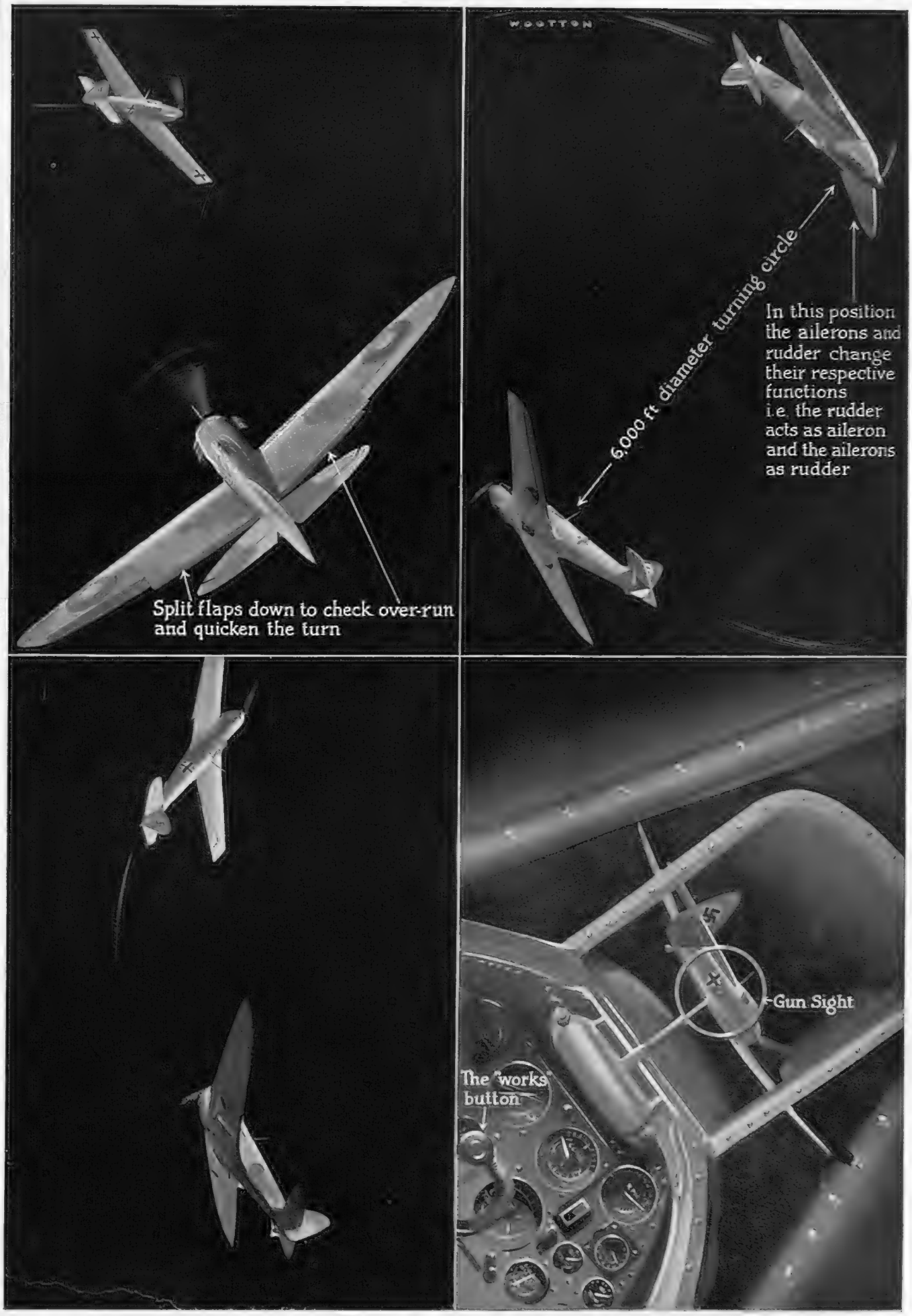
Air gunners have been very severely tested in the present war. The Air Ministry has shown its appreciation of both a need and its satisfactory fulfilment by offering direct commissioned entry to air gunners on a very satisfactory scheme which ensures that each approved gunner can become a fully-fledged pilot officer after twelve months, and a flying officer at the end of two years.

Training begins on the ground, and is there continued until the pupil is completely at home with his weapons.

After the preliminary stages of weapon handling have been mastered, lessons and lectures on gun handling are interspersed with lessons in the tactical employment of the gun. How to meet attack from one machine; how to deal with attack from several machines simultaneously; how to use one's fire in support of accompanying machines which may be undergoing direct frontal attack from single-seater fighters which are offering nothing for the target machine-gunner to shoot at except a huge engine.

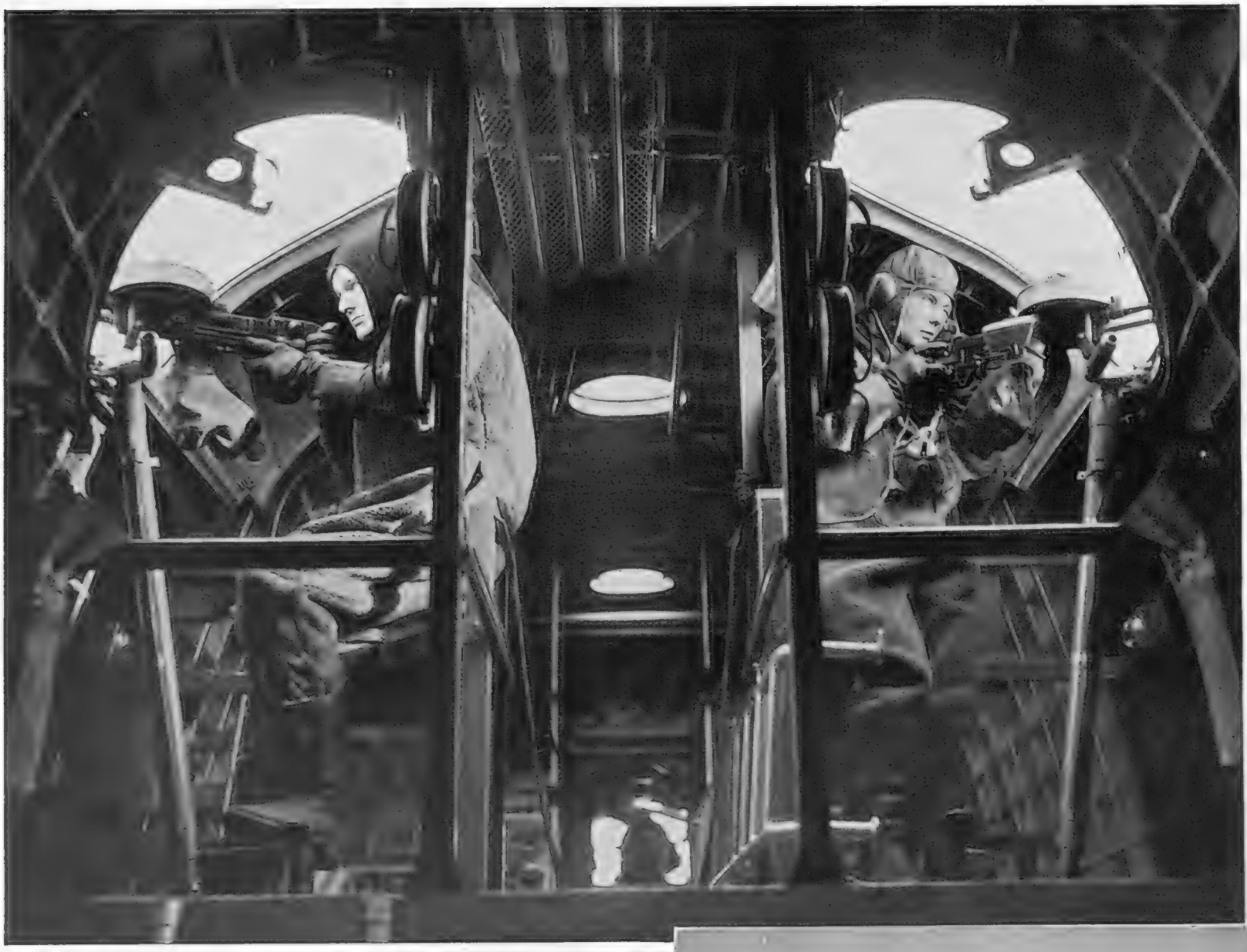
Then comes firing practice on the ground range, getting a pupil accustomed to the feel of the gun and its rate of fire; practising with the peculiar, wide-ringed aircraft sight against silhouette targets moving across the firer's front. Getting a pupil accustomed to the saddle and the circumscribed globe of the armoured power-operated gun-turret. Getting a pupil accustomed to the control of not one, but two or sometimes four guns simultaneously. It will be appreciated how much depends on practice and adaptability, the skill with which aim must be directed, and the judgment which must be exercised in fire control, when it is realised that the gunner in charge of a multi-gun battery can fire 1,060 rounds every three seconds.

The high degree of skill required from the air gunner can be imagined. Not only is his target capable of moving at speeds in excess of 400 m.p.h. (when diving), but also it is capable of being instantly manœuvred through three dimensions. Correct sighting is almost infinitely variable . . . from plumb central, to positions where the nose of the attacker is little more than cutting the outer ring. It is probably safe to say that nothing but constant practice with the camera gun can give an air gunner the opportunity to become skilful, because it is only with the camera gun that gunners situated amidships or in the tail can practise firing under battle conditions.



HIGH UP IN THE CLOUDS—GERMAN MESSERSCHMITT VERSUS BRITISH SPITFIRE

In the *top left-hand* picture is seen the German plane which, having spotted the Spitfire, decides to run for it: the British plane, however, has the superiority in speed and consequently gains on the Messerschmitt which, of necessity, begins to turn to prevent the pilot of the Spitfire from getting him in his gun-sights. In the second (*top right*) picture both planes are now seen turning; two factors will therefore decide the finish—the manœuvrability of the aircraft and the amount of "G" the respective pilots can stand ("G" is Gravity and, in turns of the nature shown above, the pilots would probably be subjected to about 4G or four times Gravity. This imposes a terrific strain on the pilots, and the great danger is a "black-out" in which insensibility might lead to loss of control. 4G is an exceptional figure, and only the necessity of keeping on each other's tails would allow the pilots to subject themselves to such great risks.) In the *bottom left* picture the Spitfire—considered by experts to be so much more manœuvrable than the Messerschmitt—has managed to "tighten" his turn sufficiently to gain on the enemy. The final drawing shows the end of the combat—the Spitfire pilot has now manœuvred his plane so that he has got the German in his gun-sights: he presses the button on his control column (the "joy-stick" of the last war, but that phrase is now frowned on by the authorities) and fires off the eight machine-guns built into his wings so that their fire converges on the now doomed enemy plane



THE TWO REAR GUNNERS WHO SIT SIDE BY SIDE IN THE HUGE SHORT SUNDERLAND FLYING-BOATS OF THE COASTAL COMMAND, R.A.F.

The AIR GUNNER and his TURRET

The power-driven multi-gun turret is an almost entirely British invention, in the development of which Capt. Archie Frazer-Nash (famous previously as a successful racing-car designer) has largely participated. Nothing like so good or so reliable is possessed by the Germans. To-day the power-driven turret is an integral part of every up-to-date British bomber; largely owing to its extraordinary efficiency, the Germans are being swept from the skies. The Sunderland, Lerwick, Anson, Blenheim, Wellington, and many other patrol and bomber aeroplanes are equipped with this powerful device. On the right we give a good example of the turret; but, of course, other types of defensive armament are also included in the equipment of the R.A.F.

THE OPEN TYPE OF AERIAL MACHINE-GUN

This type of Hawker day bomber is largely used for training. Here the gunner has not the protection of a gun-turret. His Lewis gun protects the vulnerable tail of the aeroplane; and on his quick-sightedness the safety of the aircraft largely depends. Note the sighting ring, through which the gunner takes his aim, and the large belt of ammunition: the mounting of the machine-gun also presents points of interest to the technically-minded reader

THE GUN TURRET OF THE OVERSTRAND

This well illustrates how the machine-gun can fire at practically any angle, facing forward. Most aeroplanes to-day carry both forward and rear gunners, so that most angles of approach can be covered. Nevertheless, in many types there are vulnerable spots; but the introduction of the power-driven turret fore and aft has eliminated a great number of these danger areas

THE DOCTRINE OF THE FULL DINNER TABLE

A System Whereby Officers and N.C.O. Pilots Are Replaced From a General Pool at Headquarters

The War in the Air, described by CHARLES G. GREY
(Founder of *The Aeroplane*)

PATRIOTISM is surely the most desirable of all qualities, senses, or whatever it may be, in spite of the preachings of those who hold that Nationalism is a crime against humanity. But one would hardly imagine that an excessively high degree of patriotism among the youth of a nation would cause embarrassment to those placed in authority over it. And yet that seems to be the position in the R.A.F. to-day.

From the time when the panic-expansion of the Air Force began—after Mr. Baldwin, not then a lord, had confessed that he had been afraid to re-arm because of the voting power of the Pacifists among the British people—every young man in this country who was up to the necessarily high standard of fitness required by the R.A.F. has wanted to join the Air Force in one capacity or another. Most of the youngsters wanted to fly but there was obviously not enough room for all of them as pilots. Consequently the others had to be content with enlisting as aircraftmen in the hope that they would have a chance of flying if only as passengers, gunners, navigators, and so forth.

By the way, please note that the rank and file, or Other Ranks, of the Air Force are aircraftmen, not aircraftsmen. An aircraftman may be in any one of dozens of different crafts. Those unfortunates who have never been apprenticed to any craft and are merely employed in pushing aeroplanes about on an aerodrome are known as aircraft hands. But in all ranks, whether aircraftmen, aircraft hands, or just plain cooks and bottle-washers, the Air Force has always had more volunteers than it could possibly use.

Then conscription was introduced and young men of military age were told officially that they could "opt for" (why not choose?) any of the King's fighting services. But there was little use in opting for the Air Force, because there was already a waiting list of volunteers who had not waited to be conscribed.

The Auxiliary Air Force squadrons had been full up for a long time, and when the R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve was invented and people were taught to fly free of charge on the understanding that if called up they would be given the rank of sergeant pilot, there were always more applicants than there were vacancies.

Then the Civil Air Guard was formed on the understanding that everybody who joined should undertake to serve in any capacity in connection with the Air Force when called upon, and there were tens of thousands more people willing to pay for the privilege of possibly serving their country than the flying schools and clubs could take in.

Also, from the moment the expansion began, the regular flying personnel of the R.A.F. was expanded as fast as possible. New squadrons were formed, but, besides that, existing squadrons were expanded so that there were more machines in a flight and consequently many more machines in the squadron than had been the rule before that.

If the rebuilding or resurrection of the Royal Air Force, which was supposed to begin in 1923 when the Right Honourable Sir Samuel Hoare was Secretary of State for Air, and Air Chief-Marshal Sir Hugh Trenchard (now Viscount Trenchard) was Chief of the Air Staff, had been allowed to go ahead by the Government, we should by 1937, when the expansion really began, have had about as big an Air Force as we had at the beginning of 1939. But the existing Government, under the evil influence of the League of Nations, and the still worse influence of the League of Nations Union in this country, with their disarmament talk and disarmament congresses, stopped the expansion and cut down the money to be spent on the Air Force, as shown in the Air Estimates, to a sum away down below the danger point.

Now the young and air-minded generation which has grown up in the British Empire since the War 1914–18 has rushed in to fill the gap. And our Air Force finds itself much like a river with a series of locks overwhelmed by a flood of suddenly-released melted snow in its upper reaches. That is to say, there are quantities of men still wanting to get into the Air Force, tens of thousands in it, and, in spite of the heavy casualties of a few squadrons on certain occasions, which must be nameless, the losses which would normally happen if an active war were being waged, either in the form of casualties, breakdowns, accidents, or disease, are not depleting the ranks of the active squadrons, and so there is no room for the influx of new people.

We have read in the papers about cadet schools at which thousands of young men of all social grades are being trained in ground work so that some day they may be allowed to train as pilots. Some of them already know how to fly, and a few of them have flown thousands of hours, as regular air-line pilots. But they have had to sit and listen to lectures on the elements of aviation from men who are often their juniors in age and experience. They do ordinary recruit drill so that if and when they get their commissions they may know how to move men without getting them into a tangle. But there those men are stuck.

They cannot move along to the elementary flying training schools because those schools are already chock-a-block with pilots who are beyond the standard which would justify their being passed on to the advanced training schools. And those advanced Schools, which are part of the R.A.F. itself and have never been run by private enterprise, as were the elementary flying training schools till war was declared, are themselves jammed because the squadrons of the R.A.F. are full up with pilots.

The scheme for the training of young men at cadet schools in the groundwork of the art which one might call officership, their training as pilots at elementary schools, their training at advanced schools up to the stage at which they would be fit to join the active service squadrons, had all been worked out on the supposition that if and when war was declared it would break out at once on a scale which would mean losses in the air commensurate with those to which we unhappily became accustomed with the infantry in 1915–16–17. So the state of affairs which has existed since September 3 caught everybody napping, just as badly as the would-be *blitzkrieg*, which started in August, 1914, caught us napping then—only the other way round.

A colossal training scheme for Canada, the cost of which is, according to the newspapers, to be £120,000,000, was hatched rather late last year as a bright idea for the absorption of all the would-be trainees of the Empire. Although normal flying is only possible in Canada for about four months in the year, there is such a lot of Canada that a great deal of flying can be done.

The freeze-up and thaw-out between the summer and the winter weather make flying practically impossible for two months. The winter will be useful for training if we are to contribute largely to the defeat of Russia by Finland next winter, assuming that enough volunteers can reach Finland to save that gallant nation this spring. Probably more training will be done in Australia and in Egypt. But still that does not relieve the immediate congestion in this country.

In the meantime a suggestion has been made, and is being seriously discussed, which might relieve the tension or compression, whichever it may be, in the R.A.F. in Great Britain. It is, quite simply, that a certain number of pilots, navigators and observers, and of ground personnel also, should be pulled out of all the existing active service R.A.F. squadrons every week and replaced by new men from the training squadrons and establishments.

During the War 1914 Major-General Trenchard, now Viscount Trenchard, then commanding the R.F.C. in the Field, propounded what he called the Doctrine of the Full Dinner Table. Casualties in those days were high. Between people shot down and killed, or wounded, or taken prisoner, or crashed in action on our side of the line, damaged in road accidents, and simply gone sick, squadrons suffered, without undue concern, losses which ran as high as 100 per cent. per month. And few squadrons on active service lost less than 100 per cent. of their personnel per year. Yet the squadrons never lost their identity or their morale.

The reason was that in accord with Lord Trenchard's scheme, as soon as a man "lost the number of his mess," as the Navy call it, he was replaced within a few hours from the pool of officers and N.C.O. pilots at R.F.C. headquarters.

The same thing went on in 1918 when the Royal Naval Air Service and the Royal Flying Corps were amalgamated into the Royal Air Force.

The suggestion now is that officers and men should be pulled out of the squadrons as aforesaid, just as if they were war casualties, and should be sent home on long leave. Those men who have been hammered day after day and night after night over the Heligoland Bight could probably do with two or three months' leave, and those who are bored stiff with sitting around an aerodrome with their interceptor fighters, waiting for enemies who never come, would also be all the better for a relaxation of the tension. Army Co-operation squadrons in France who have no co-operation to do would equally be the better for a change of personnel in the course of a few weeks. And the bomber squadrons in France who have been doing long reconnaissances over Germany would be none the worse for a rest.

Certain commanding officers would certainly object, because they would say that their squadrons are at the top of their form, that they have built them up with great care, and that every man knows every other man and is accustomed to working and co-operating with him. That sounds very well but what would happen to all that carefully cultivated co-operation if a squadron lost 50 per cent. of its personnel in its first big action? Which might easily happen.

Assuming that the commanding officer were one of the survivors he would find himself in a much worse position commanding a squadron which consisted of half his old personnel and half of people who had never heard a shot fired in anger, than he would if his whole squadron consisted of men who had been in it individually for a much shorter time but who had all had practice over the line.

By a constant change of personnel on the lines suggested there is some possibility of building up squadron reserves. Assuming the flying personnel of a multi-seater squadron to be about 100 officers and men, leaving out the ground personnel, by the time 500 men had passed through that squadron on the lines suggested, the squadron would be able to stand 500 per cent. losses and yet all its flying personnel would be men who had belonged to the squadron. Thus individual squadron pools might be formed instead of a general pool consisting of men who had no personal interest in any squadron.

In any case this would assure a strong reserve of people who have actually flown over enemy territory and have met the enemy in the air.

HOW TO CARRY OUT AN AERIAL ATTACK

With the aid of model aircraft, mounted on rods for easier manipulation, a squadron leader demonstrates to a group of bomber pilots how to manœuvre during aerial combat. By this means the pilots are given a clear insight by their leader of what he expects from them in a given situation

SAVOY CHAPEL IMPROVEMENTS

AT THE FOOT OF THE NEW MAIN STEPS: In the background is the new robing room and entrance for bridal parties. The main structure of the old chapel (on right) remains as before

THE NORTH END OF THE NEWLY DECORATED CHAPEL: Ceiling and walls have been newly treated. The former is now a delicate ivory tint, against which the colours of the coats of arms stand out effectively. The walls are now a pleasant stone colour. The whole interior is most grateful to the eye. The spectator is standing immediately in front of the new stalls of the Royal Victorian Order

TWO PROCESSES IN MAKING DRUMHEADS: A man is seen about to stretch a skin over a frame for drying while another is shaving a dried skin to the right thickness with a fine knife

SORTING SIDE-DRUMHEADS: The circles of vellum being examined and stacked

As fast as he can turn them out, Mr. Horace Loosley, of New Eltham, S.E., is making drumheads for the Army—and several thousands are still required. He is the fifth generation of Loosleys who have been making vellum (from which drumheads are made) for over 200 years, and the craft is still carried out without mechanical aid. Vellum is made from English calf, and in this south-east London factory skins are brought straight in from the abattoirs and go out as vellum drumheads

MAKING DRUMHEADS FOR THE ARMY

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

TRAVEL, BIOGRAPHY, AND FICTION

This Week's Mixed Bag

DOUBTLESS I shall be corrected if wrong, but I believe it was Mr. Arnold Haskell who invented the word balletomane. He certainly has been a persistent carrier of that epidemic to all parts of the world, including Australia, a continent in which he confesses to have been completely, "even aggressively," uninterested. He stayed to become enchanted; returned to become aggressively so, to write a book about it, and to assume the proprietorial air of one who writes of "My Australia."

WALTZING MATILDA (A. and C. Black. 12s. 6d.) is all enthusiasm and enchantment, and a determined effort on Mr. Haskell's part to turn us all into Australomanes—or should it be Australophiles? I don't know what the Australians will make of his well-meant effort, but I can imagine them taking the same gloomy view as the Americans do of those Englishmen who are always "discovering" America.

Just as all Englishmen are not interested in ballet so are the majority not "aggressively uninterested" in a continent whose history and whose people are so intimately tied to their own. So much of the history which Mr. Haskell trots out with such charming flourishes is known to every elementary schoolboy. Many of his choice discoveries among the bush-rangers were known to everyone who read a penny blood. The average man in a pub would be able to tell him the difference between the climates of Sydney and Brisbane (so widely read and listened to are the Test Match reports). Nor is it wise to assume that the literature of Australia was generally unknown until Mr. Haskell began to turn it up.

It would have been more fitting if, in his desire to write up to his Australian hosts, the author had assumed less condescension towards his English readers.

These minor points aside, Mr. Haskell reveals himself to be a likeable and perspicacious traveller, and capable of infecting his reader with enthusiasm for the "most democratic nation in the world" and for the infinite variety of their country. That there is no mention either of Bradman or of cricket in his very careful index is a feat in itself.

SIR NEVILE HENDERSON

A portrait of the former British Ambassador at Berlin who is writing his experiences of his two years with Hitler. He says: "This is the people's war and it is only right that the people themselves should be told the whole truth"

Mr. Robert Nathan's new novel is a sad and exquisite little fantasy of considerable charm and no whimsy. **PORTRAIT OF JENNIE** (Heinemann. 6s.) is a short book, and Mr. Nathan has that style which conceals style and makes reading almost too easy.

In the winter of 1938 a painter is walking through Central Park in New York. It is twilight and he is cold, lonely, and discouraged. He meets a little girl who skips along beside him and puts her hand in his. They talk, and she tells him that her parents are acrobats, doing a turn in New York that week. But there is something odd about it to Eben Adams, and as he searches his mind he remembers. The music-hall she mentions was burned down years before.

He looks at her. Perhaps her clothes are a little old-fashioned, but she is no ghost; her warm hand is in his and she sings a little song to him:

Where I come from
Nobody knows;
And where I'm going
Everything goes.
The wind blows,
The sea flows—
And nobody knows.

After that he sees her several times, but although there are only a few weeks between each meeting, each time he sees her she has grown up a little more. She is a schoolgirl, an adolescent, a young and lovely woman. His fortunes improve and his pictures begin to be bought by connoisseurs, and rich connoisseurs. They meet in the spring, just before Adams goes to Cape Cod for a long summer of painting, and Jennie tells him that she is going to Europe, and that she will come back.

There is a great storm that summer, and in the middle of it Jennie appears again. She is whirled away from him when the river floods, and a few days later he hears that she has been drowned at sea as she was returning from Europe "after a stay of eight years . . ."

To take this soberly as a new-time theory would be to overburden a very delicate little piece of work. This book has an indescribable quality, romantic, nostalgic and yet vigorous. To enjoy it you need not be a sentimentalist.

"RECLINING NUDE"

From a drawing by Leonard Huskinson who is now giving an exhibition at the Calmann Gallery, St. James's Place. Mr. Huskinson designed some of the mural paintings for the British section at the recent New York World Fair Exhibition

In 1938, the directors of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, decided to hold a festival celebrating the past thirty years in Irish National Theatre. This festival, which lasted for a fortnight, was to consist of a series of morning lectures by dramatists, producers, actors and authors and an evening performance of a play by as many of the distinguished Irish playwrights as time would allow. Actually seventeen plays were performed in this brief span, and the lectures have been collected by Mr. Lennox Robinson and edited as **THE IRISH THEATRE** (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.).

In case readers may think that this is a specialised and not particularly important subject in these arduous days, I would suggest that there are few subjects which, when treated by experts, are not worth one's consideration, and that each of these lectures was delivered by someone with special qualifications for the talk.

Mr. Lennox Robinson, himself a famous dramatist, spoke about Lady Gregory who was the moving spirit in the early days of the Irish National Theatre and whom Bernard Shaw has called "the charwoman of the Abbey Theatre." It was Lady Gregory who provided the first £25 towards the finances and it was at her house that, year after year, the project was discussed and expanded. She herself wrote many plays, though this had not at first been her intention. She wrote comedies, folk histories and dramatic legends in the Irish country dialect, "that speech rich in imagery and imagination, an English to which Gaelic has given a strange twist."

Other lecturers traced the development of Irish drama, through Synge, with his dictum that "on the stage one must have reality, and one must have joy," to the later works of Padraic Colum and Lennox Robinson, who was to sound a new note in the Irish theatre—"a note in which the clamour of everyday concerns drowned the poetic idealism of his forerunners."

MAUD (Macmillan. 12s. 6d.) is a diary, written by a girl (Maude Rittenhouse) who started her entries "Sweet journal," in 1881, and went on in the same strain for fourteen years.

In the introduction Mr. Richard Lee Strout points out some of the highlights of the lady's career: "Went to St. Louis Art School (where she drew from the nude) . . . set up lemonade stands to combat 'beer interests' . . . wrote always in purple ink." And finally "had an oddity of style in that she wrote her own name interchangeably Maud or Maude."

Maude lived her life in Cairo, Illinois, and it consisted mainly in reforming her beaux, as she was an ardent supporter of temperance.

I took the precaution of reading the last five pages and found no change, either in form or in spirit. "Mr. G. was there," writes Maude typically, "and walked home with me behind mamma and papa. I tried to look very uninviting, for I hate to have the girls giggling over 'Maude's latest one.'"

A PAGE OF WOMEN PERSONALITIES

Leading Feminine Figures in the Old and New Worlds

DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF CONDE NAST MARRIES: Mr. Ian Wilson-Young, Second Secretary at the Foreign Office and friend of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, was married last week to Mrs. Charlotte Nast, former daughter-in-law of the American publisher. Mr. Wilson-Young, thirty-two, is the son of one of the Wertheimer beauties painted by Sargent

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE, who is appearing in New York in *Skylark*, has been awarded the gold medal of the New York Academy for "the best performance of the year." It was presented to her on the stage of the theatre by Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jnr. Miss Lawrence was completely taken by surprise. When officials of the theatre rushed on to the stage as the matinee performance ended and asked the audience not to leave, she thought there was some momentous news of the war in Europe to be announced. Miss Lawrence (left) is in the act of fitting a child's nightgown pattern on actress Jessie Royce Landis at Rockefeller Center, where stage and screen stars are working at the American Theatre wing of the French and British Relief Funds

A DARING WOMAN WAR CORRESPONDENT—VIRGINIA COWLES: Authoress, descriptive newspaper writer and now war correspondent, is a brilliant young American, who is at present up in the far north of Finland sending home to the *Sunday Times* vivid accounts of her experiences in the Arctic

SOCIALITE WAR WORKERS OF PALM BEACH: "The Palm Beach winter colony is tossing its 2 cents' worth into the European war by going wild over knitting for the soldiers. Here are Mrs. Jay O'Brien and Mrs. Marshall Hemingway at work on a couple of little numbers that may see the Maginot Line some day," runs the American caption

A NEW YORK SOCIETY GIRL AND ROBERT STACK FILM ACTOR: Handsome Robert Stack, voted the outstanding male screen discovery of 1939, holds hands with lovely Cobina Wright, Jnr., in the wings at a New York theatre after he had flown from Hollywood to rejoin her. The Society song-bird has been making a personal appearance at a New York theatre. The couple are reported engaged

A GIRL DISCOVERS A NEW WAR-TIME JOB: Miss Mary Grey is one of the busiest workers in war-time London. She has been entrusted with the care of some of London's empty mansions. With her staff, Miss Grey looks after houses full of valuable furniture, books and pictures, and wardrobes full of expensive evening clothes and furs. Miss Grey visits the "ghost houses" regularly to report on any damage done or repairs which she thinks are necessary. Before the war Miss Grey was a well-known dressmaker

ONE OF THE WORLD'S RICHEST ACCOMPANIES HER HUSBAND TO CANADA: Mr. James H. R. Cromwell (centre) and his wife, formerly Doris Duke, tobacco heiress and "richest girl in the world," being welcomed by Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King, the Canadian Prime Minister, on their arrival in Ottawa, where Mr. Cromwell has taken up his post as the new United States Minister to Canada

ANOTHER WORLD'S RICHEST PROVOKES CONJECTURE AS TO THE FUTURE: At Palm Beach, Florida, Countess Barbara Haugwitz-Reventlow, the former Barbara Hutton, has been very much in the company of Robert Sweeney, New York golfer, as they watched the tennis. The dog on the Countess's lap is her constant companion

THE KING INSPECTS the VICTORS of the "GRAF SPEE" ACTION

The Scene on the Horse Guards Parade where Officers and Men of "Ajax" and "Exeter" Received Medals and Decorations

AT ONE SIDE OF THE HOLLOW SQUARE FORMED BY THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF "AJAX" (IN FOREGROUND) AND "EXETER" (IN BACKGROUND) THE PRESENTATION TOOK PLACE, WITH MINISTERS OF THE CROWN AND OTHER NOTABILITIES RANGED BEHIND

Captain C. H. L. Woodhouse, of the *Ajax*, led the parade, and the crowd watched with admiration the way in which officers and ratings marched and wheeled to their positions, with the khaki-clad marines and the massed bands forming the third side of a hollow square facing the Admiralty. When all were in their places, the ranks opened out four paces in the following lines: Seamen and communication ratings; engine-room branch; other ratings. Officers of each ship formed up on the right of the men

THE CENTRAL INCIDENT OF THE ROYAL INSPECTION AT WHITEHALL —THE PRESENTATION OF MEDALS

One after another the recipients filed by. The actual presentation here recorded is that of the D.S.O. to Midshipman Archibald Cameron of the cruiser *Exeter*. Captain Bell of the *Exeter* is seen behind His Majesty reading the details of the award. Midshipman Don is seen walking away after being decorated

THE QUEEN'S CHEERY SMILE WAS A WELCOME NOTE IN THE PROCEEDINGS

Her Majesty conveyed a note of ease and grace to the very formal procedure in the vast parade ground

A VERY WARM RECEPTION WAS ACCORDED TO MR. CHURCHILL IN THE CITY

As the centre of action passed towards the City, one figure stood out, that of the First Lord, who received an ovation from both public and Navy

AF THE PRESENTATION OF
ME S, THE COLUMNS MARCHED
PA HE DAIS ON WHICH STOOD
TH OYAL AND OFFICIAL PARTY

Their Majesties were welcomed by Mr. Churchill, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Dudley Pound and others. After the customary formalities, the Queen was conducted to the room of the First Lord, and a great burst of cheering from the crowd heralded her appearance at the window. With her was the Duchess of Kent. When the King emerged from the Admiralty doorway he was seen to be wearing the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet. With him was Mr. Churchill, and following, in the uniform of a Rear-Admiral, was the Duke of Kent. More cheering followed after the playing of the National Anthem

AFTER HAVING DECORATED SEVENTY OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE CRUISERS "EXETER" AND "AJAX" THE KING DECORATED ONE WOMAN

It was a most moving moment when the King handed the Medal for Conspicuous Gallantry to Mrs. Russell, widow of Marine W. A. Russell

THE QUEEN TALKS TO RELATIVES AND NEXT-OF-KIN OF THE FALLEN

After the inspection, when the men had marched on their way to Guildhall, the King and Queen walked to the corner of the parade ground and shook hands and talked with the relatives of those killed in action. One little girl could not restrain some tears when she heard the Queen's kindly words

THE NEW FOREST PONIES AND THE BLACK-OUT: This problem has now been effectively tackled; some hundreds of the "lane-creepers," as they are known locally, have been rounded up and sold at prices beyond belief in peace-time. Most of those remaining are safely enclosed in an area of rough pasture near Beaulieu, and the only wild ponies left are those who are shy of the roads and keep to their own grazing grounds. The danger of encountering a black pony asleep in the road in the black-out is thus now at an end!

BRISTOL'S SHOT TOWER IS NOT BUSY THIS WAR: In 1914 the 150-year-old shot tower in Redcliffe turned out 80 tons a week, but for the whole of the first five months of this war only 50 tons have been required. Reason is that shrapnel is not being used this time; it is all the explosive variety. There are only three of these towers in England: Bristol's, the original; the one in London, seen from the Embankment, due for demolition; and the other in Chester. This is Mr. Edward Dowling, foreman for forty-four years, wielding his 10-lb. ladle. His average output per week is 3 tons. The shot is formed by dropping the molten lead, containing arsenic, through perforations in the piece of metal shown. This forms into beads underneath and these drop straight down for 120 ft.

BRISTOL TO LOSE A PICTURESQUE BUILDING: A wing of the Greyhound Hotel, built in 1620. The main frontage of the hotel will not be disturbed, but the post office portion will give way to a £50,000 garage. This, however, will be handed over to the Bristol Aeroplane Company for the duration of the war. A posting house in the days of the stage coach, John Bright's supporters met here to "receive their cockades." The post office has a fine old stone fireplace and rough-hewn timbers of black oak to the ceiling. Note how the entrance was too low for the coaches and it was raised, cutting into the rooms above. Inside it makes a kind of platform recess

FROM the SOUTH-WEST of ENGLAND

WHEN the COLD CAUSES OVER-HEATING

Few Modern Cars Are Fitted With That Important Gadget—A Radiator Thermometer

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E. *(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)*

IT is no longer an official secret that this country has experienced a spell of unusually severe weather and it is not surprising, therefore, that motorists unaccustomed to these conditions found themselves in difficulties on occasions. When the cold weather was with us I frequently noticed that cars approaching me were emitting clouds of steam from the bottom of their radiators and the drivers were careering along apparently quite oblivious to what was happening.

Not so many years ago the average motor car was fitted with a thermometer situated either in the panel of instruments or on top of the radiator filler-cap. Owing to the present tendency of design which prevents the filler-cap being seen when the bonnet is closed, the latter position to-day would scarcely be feasible, but there is nothing to prevent a thermometer being included amongst the instruments on the dash. I cannot imagine that the absence of this useful gauge was brought about by its uselessness but rather because it was an item of expense which in the keen days of competition was one of the first to be ruled out in order to cheapen production. The fitting of one thermometer on a car would probably not cost more than 20s. and so the average owner may consider that its omission is an example of uncalled-for cheese-paring. What we must remember, however, is that our popular manufacturers turn out cars in normal times at the rate of thousands a week and an item such as that under consideration is, therefore, quite important from a financial viewpoint.

The fact remains, however, that without a thermometer the average motorist is unable to tell if the water in the circulating system is boiling or not, and when this unpleasantness occurs on an extremely cold morning he is far from imagining that anything could boil. It is not until most of the water has disappeared in steam that the engine begins to make itself felt, and by then serious damage may have resulted. I think, therefore, that there is a very good case to be made out for the re-introduction of the thermometer.

THE GIFT OF AMERICANS IN PARIS: Americans living in Paris have subscribed enough money to buy a corps of ambulances for the French Army and these were recently handed over after being blessed outside the Saint-Trinite Church in Paris. The ambulances are here seen passing the Arc de Triomphe after the handing-over ceremony

TRULY, it is correct to say that we live and learn. Readers of these notes of mine will remember that I overcame persistent difficulties in starting by changing the grade of oil in the engine, and I am hoping that fellow-sufferers have carried out a similar experiment. Quite by accident a copy of a publication called *Car Care*, published by Messrs. C. C. Wakefield and Co., Ltd., the well-known manufacturers of Castrol Patent Oil, has come into my hands. It is not in the least like the usual manufacturers' catalogue, for it contains fifty-two pages of condensed motoring knowledge, and I for one have learned from it quite a lot about lubrication which I did not know before.

One chapter is headed, "Why use a thinner oil when the mercury drops?" In the pages devoted to this subject I read that even people like C. C. Wakefield and Co., Ltd., cannot perform miracles and that the oil which will work efficiently when the mercury drops cannot be made to do its job properly when tropical temperatures trouble us. The winter grade is such that it will flow freely in the coldest possible weather, and will still remain a decent lubricant during those few days of spring-like weather that we usually get in February or March, and the summer grade will be quite satisfactory to use in the engine not only when we are, ourselves, dripping in a shade temperature near the nineties, but also during those occasional cool evenings that we experience at the beginning or end of summer. At this time of the year, not only does the winter grade of oil allow the engine to turn over at a high rate of revolutions when the starter button is pressed first thing in the morning but being thin the oil is forced through the bearings and splashed on the cylinder walls immediately the engine is rotated. A thick summer oil, however, which would be very viscous on a frosty morning, would not commence to flow for some time, and even if the interval is but a few seconds the chances are that the bearings of the engine will be running dry, likewise the cylinder walls, and extensive damage would take place.

As might be expected, this booklet deals principally with lubrication but in a chatty, interesting manner which is easily understood, particularly with the help of the very attractive and informative illustrations. Strange to relate, it also deals with such subjects as the care of tyres, the ignition system and a hundred and one other matters which definitely are not directly concerned with lubrication. I should certainly advise every motorist to get a copy and if the advice contained therein is acted upon the car will definitely last longer than it otherwise would.

A special appeal to the motor and road transport industries and the motoring community generally on behalf of the Comforts Fund of the Royal Army Service Corps and the Royal Army Ordnance Corps was announced recently by Mr. W. E. Rootes, President of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders.

"Unlike most regimental units of the Army, the R.A.S.C. and the R.A.O.C. have no territorial connections with any particular district," Mr. Rootes said in an interview, "and it is because of this and also the fact that the two corps are now so largely recruited from the motor and road transport industries that we have decided to make this appeal for comforts on their behalf. We feel that the welfare of the men of these corps who are on active service should be the especial care of those of the motoring community who remain at home. Probably most of us have relatives or friends serving in the R.A.S.C. or the R.A.O.C., and I am very confident that the appeal I am now making will meet with a generous response from all parts of the country."

To enable the motor industry to fulfil the role of fairy godmother to these forces, gifts in cash and in kind are urgently needed and will continue to be required, while offers of assistance from knitting groups, working parties, etc., will be warmly welcomed.

It is suggested, also, that firms which have already formed comforts funds within their organisations might consider whether they are in a position to assist. As the number of men in the two corps is already very considerable, largely owing to the full-scale mechanisation of the Army, and is every day increasing, the demands upon the two funds are extremely pressing and will continue to grow. It is hoped, therefore, that in responding to this appeal donors will be as generous as possible in their contributions and, equally important, that they will help quickly to get the necessary supplies.

Gifts of money should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, Lieut.-Col. D. C. McLagan, D.S.O., M.B.E., T.D., Hobart House, Wilton Street, London, S.W.1, cheques being made payable to "Army Transport Comforts Funds," while parcels should be addressed to Lieut.-Col. McLagan, c/o, Comforts Funds, Kensington Palace Barracks, London, W.8, where a joint distribution centre has been set up.

If you don't sleep well at night

Work and worry and lack of exercise, eh? Nothing really wrong — yet you're not quite right either, or you'd sleep better. Now's the time to take a short course of Eno's Fruit Salt, first thing every morning. Not as a purge (that is not Nature's way) but as a gentle cleanser of your blood-stream that will wash away the impurities that have gathered. You'll soon be in form again and sleeping like a top.

take ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" first thing every morning

The words 'Eno' and 'Fruit Salt' are registered trademarks.

Shirts — FOR THE SPRING TAILOR-MADE

When ordering by post, kindly state second and third choice of colour.

Tailored in crepon, this attractive style has novelty crescents on the front, stitched to match the collar. In pastel blue, shell pink, emerald, gold, sea-tone, vellum, white, lacquer red and grey. Sizes 13, 13½, 14, 14½ - **27/6**
Size 15 - **33/9**

A simple shirt in rayon linen, with stitched collar and pocket; buttoning through. In ivory, delphinium, rose, gold, jade and hyacinth. Sizes 13, 13½, 14, 14½ - - - **16/9**

New Shirt Catalogue sent on request.

Debenham & Freebody

LANgham 4444 WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1 (Debenhams Ltd.)

In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Exploring the Quantocks this Easter—A Holiday on the Cornish Coast

WITH thoughts of Easter and spring holidays one's mind turns to the countryside, and if at the moment I have a partiality for the brown bracken of Exmoor and smiling Somerset as viewed from the Quantocks, it is because I have just returned from this area bursting with spring promise.

How would you like Stogumber 261 or Stogumber 270 for your telephone number at Easter? A fascinating name indeed! But coupled with Bicknoller there is a dual allurement.

In that admirable manual, *This England*, published by the Right Book Club, Mr. W. S. Shears writes of Bicknoller, at the foot of the Quantocks: "A delightful village. See these friendly and hospitable folk gathered in their local tavern, or at skittles, and no more speak of the tinsel joys of town!"

So if you would like to enjoy the Quantocks in a very simple way, for there is no hotel proper in Bicknoller, and lead a completely rural life, make a note of Staddles Guest House, tiny but surprisingly complete in its compactness.

A hot water radiator in one's bedroom, a coil-spring bed, electric stoves or open fire—potted perfection indeed.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. D. Stowe, who run it, have an intense love of the country, coupled with the comforts of civilisation.

Here one can ride, hunt, shoot, golf, bathe or just rob Mr. Stowe's three-acre orchard—with impunity. And the telephone number is Stogumber 261.

But Staddles is so limited in space that I was glad to find on a recent visit yet another guest house in Bicknoller.

Gatchells, like Staddles, intrigues in its name. A fifteenth-century house with low portals and casement windows. And yet again the modern amenities of hot and cold water in bedrooms. Comfortable beds, and chairs in the lounge.

Mrs. W. Williams runs the house, and Miss J. E. Williams, with a domestic science and cooking diploma, superintends the cooking. The telephone number is Stogumber 270.

I will leave the choice to you. *Do* go to Bicknoller, especially if you love really good walking country.

But it may be that you would as a country-dweller prefer to be beside the sea. That being so, I have the answer for you—Green Acres Private Hotel at Upton, a mile and a half outside Bude on the road to Widemouth.

What a suitable name Green Acres is!

From the windows there is a panorama on the land side of a green undulating countryside. On the sea side are uninterrupted views of the rugged grandeur of the Cornish cliffs and wide Atlantic.

Here on the green cliff-face you can slack in deck chairs and sunbathe, or by a winding cliff path discover a wee sheltered cove.

But I must say a word about Green Acres itself. It is a newish house of considerable charm. Every room has individual character.

The dining room is stone-flagged with solid oak tables.

The lounge is bright and colourful with its chintz and low open fireplaces.

The bedrooms are roomy, the beds comfortable, and there is plenty of bathroom accommodation.

But most of these points are common to most hotels these days. Yet Green Acres has characteristics apart which express the individuality of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Hammond who run it.

It is not just the good food, the comfort, and the position which brings the same people year after year to Green Acres. It's the Hammonds.

Perhaps Mr. and Mrs. Hammond wonder how I know so much about them seeing my visits have been so short and spasmodic.

I will tell them. A SPHERE reader wrote to me one day and endorsed all that had been said in the Hammonds' favour. And I can assure my readers that my Intelligence Service can be relied on.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

A gentleman paused in his trudge through the snow on that recent Monday morning when trains were delayed and London workers late. His eye had caught sight of the inscription in the wall of this Society's headquarters—the figures 1887 standing out. In his pocket he carried a Jubilee shilling. He thought of all the children who were being cared for who had passed through the door, being protected from poverty and cold. He entered the building, and handed over his shilling. Who will follow his example and send their Jubilee shillings to this well deserving Charity? Every shilling will go towards helping some little child. Address your gifts to "Jubilee," 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, from which address they will be gratefully acknowledged.

BRAND'S ESSENCE

REVIVES
STRENGTHENS
FORTIFIES

In every stage of sickness, and particularly at the crisis, implicit trust may be placed in Brand's Essence . . . . the stimulant that builds resistance speedily and safely. The medical and nursing professions endorse Brand's as an invaluable aid against weakness from operation, shock, nervous exhaustion, fever, influenza, gastric trouble, etc. Brand's may also be safely used in all children's ailments.

WHEN BUYING BRAND'S ESSENCE FOR YOURSELF REMEMBER THE MEN ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

BRAND'S
Chicken or Beef
ESSENCE

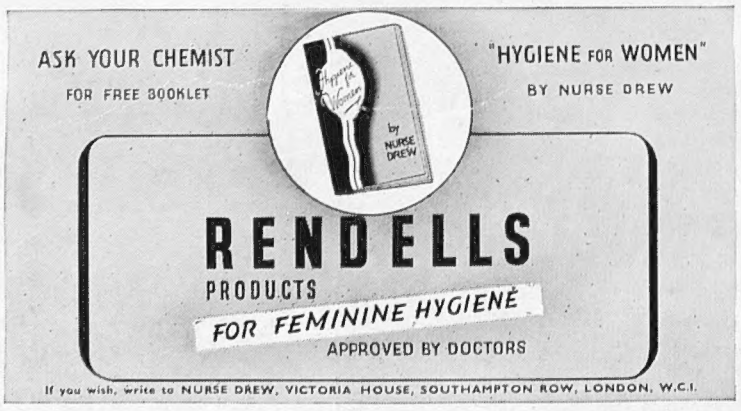
From all Chemists, in Tins and Jars

Clear that Cold with VAPEX
BREATHE THE VAPOUR
V134

CONTINENTAL HOTEL

FRANCE

Cap Ferrat.—Gd. Hotel.—Between Nice and Beaulieu. Reopening. Full south. Quiet and peaceful. Beautiful park overlooking sea.



Branksome Tower Hotel stands on its own cliffs, with a private sea promenade reached through beautiful winding walks. No other hotel in England is quite like Tower, which excels in every direction expected of a first-class hotel. There are 4 Hard Tennis courts, Squash, Golf on several different courses, First-class Resident Orchestra and unexceptionable cuisine. 'Phone: Bournemouth 4000. 'Grams: Branksome Tower, Bournemouth.

Branksome Tower Amateur Foursome Golf Meeting will be held as usual. Dates: Saturday, March 16, Sunday, March 17, 1940. Full particulars from A. Bich, Manager.

BRANKSOME TOWER HOTEL
BOURNEMOUTH

The Cap Martin of England

PATRONISED BY ROYALTY

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Even if there's an air raid (very unlikely at Bexhill), the safest place is the seashore. HOTEL RIPOSO is almost at the water's edge. *Verb. sap.*

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For Spring or War-time residents

Safe, Sheltered and Sunny

- A 100 modernly equipped rooms.
- Bridge.
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A first-class and fully licensed hotel with a wide reputation for its Cuisine, Service, Comfort, and the restfulness of its interior decoration. Situated amidst the pines, it overlooks Bournemouth Bay whilst the Parkstone Golf Links lie in the immediate background.

Suites, private bathrooms, central heating in every room, and lift help to make this hotel attractive for residence.

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Bournemouth

And this can be your bedroom view at

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Terms and details from Miss P. E. WOOLCOCK

CARLYON BAY HOTEL

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All Cornish Express trains stop at Par and are met by arrangement

A first-class five-star hotel, and with private bathroom to almost every bedroom. Standing in 8 acres of garden with fine views over the Bay, with excellent 18-hole golf course, the property of the hotel, adjoining. It has a world-wide reputation for the excellence of its Cuisine, Service and Comfort.

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TELEPHONE: Par 250/2

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This picture shows but a third of the Hotel, and of the view from our windows.

COME DOWN AND ENJOY THE WHOLE!

FOR the dignity of the past and the improvements of modern times.

The King's Hotel, Brighton

Specially reduced terms for long term residence.

THE SHIP HOTEL
NORTH STREET **CHICHESTER**

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At the edge of the Downs. Within hail of the sea. "THE SHIP" is a Georgian house of restful charm, and equipped with every modern comfort.

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Overlooking Torbay. Luxurious comfort at moderate inclusive terms. A.A. ****

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FOR SECURITY, COMFORT, AND REST. One of the most beautifully situated Hotels in Sussex overlooking the Arun Valley, and surrounded by 30 acres pine trees and gardens. Fully licensed with all comforts and service of a Mayfair Hotel. Apply Captain Claude Waller for particulars. Telephone: Bury (Sussex) 111.

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Here at this country home of charm it is good to live . . . always

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'Phone: West Chiltington 123

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SANDERSTEAD - - - SURREY

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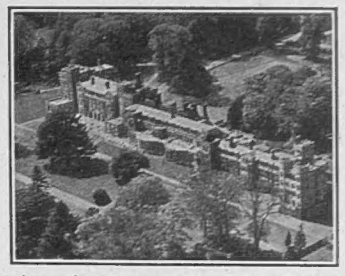
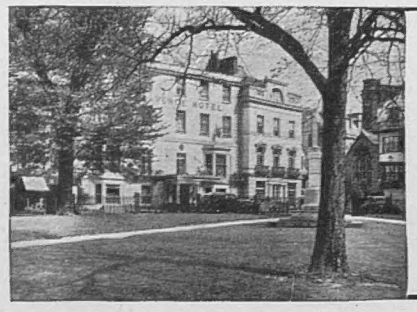
FREE GOLF ON PRIVATE 18-HOLE COURSE (6,430 yards)

Illustrated brochure free on request.



Full en pension with free service to station, magnificent solarium, billiards, tennis, dancing, squash rackets, electric gymnasium, all free. Riding. REMOTE FROM OTHER BUILDINGS, IN OWN PARK OF 230 ACRES, IN A NEUTRAL AREA. Adequate subterranean gas-proof air raid shelter, protected by four reinforced concrete floors. Hot and cold water, telephone and radiator in every room. Over 150 rooms, the majority with private bathroom. Moderate inclusive terms.

On outbreak of hostilities we reduced terms 20% to 25%. No increase has been made in these terms and there is no avoidable alteration in standard.



A fine example of 18th-century coaching house perfectly modernised. Here, good food, a good cellar, and good nights can be enjoyed . . . always.

The grill, cocktail lounge, and ballroom (first-class London band) are daily attractions.

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EXETER

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. . ENJOYED every minute of every day—on the golf course, on the beach, in the car, on a surf-board, on the moors?

. . SLEPT every minute of every night and woken feeling ready to swim the Atlantic?

. . EATEN every meal with the appetite . . of youth and the appreciation of a connoisseur?

. . DANCED every yard with the energy . . bred of Cornish air and Cornish sun?

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Cornwall's Natural Touring Headquarters. 120 bedrooms with a sea view. Golf and tennis at the door. Write to S. Polglaze, Manager, for "Have You Ever?"—a portrait in pictures and words of a new adventure in enjoyment. *Telephone: Newquay 2211*

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She has already made her début in the lovely grounds of

LINCOMBE HALL

The Garden Hotel of Torquay

And here—always, there is Peace, Warmth, the comfort of modern appointments, suites, private bathrooms, and, if need be—central heating

Inclusive Spring Terms - - from 4 gns.
Easter Week - - - - - from 5 gns.

Write for brochure and Easter Programme

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. & R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle.—Welltown Manor Guest Hse. Tel. 17.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal.
Brighton.—The King's Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Chichester.—The Ship Hotel. Tel. 2028.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold Hse. Htl. Tel. 330
Crowborough (Sussex).—The Crest Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Telephone 2219.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Newquay.—Hotel Bristol, On sea front. Tel. 2857
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Paignton.—Palace Hotel. A.A. ****
Paignton.—Redcliffe Hotel.
Pulborough (Sussex).—Lodge Hill Hotel.
Ross-on-Wye.—Mount Craig Hotel.
St. Austell (Cornwall).—Carlyon Bay Hotel.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—The Torbay Hotel.
Storrington (nr. Pulborough).—Roundabout Htl.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall. Tel. 2302.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Trevarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks.).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Dorset Square Hotel. Off Baker St., N.W.1.
S. Kensington Htl, Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.

SCOTLAND

Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.

WALES

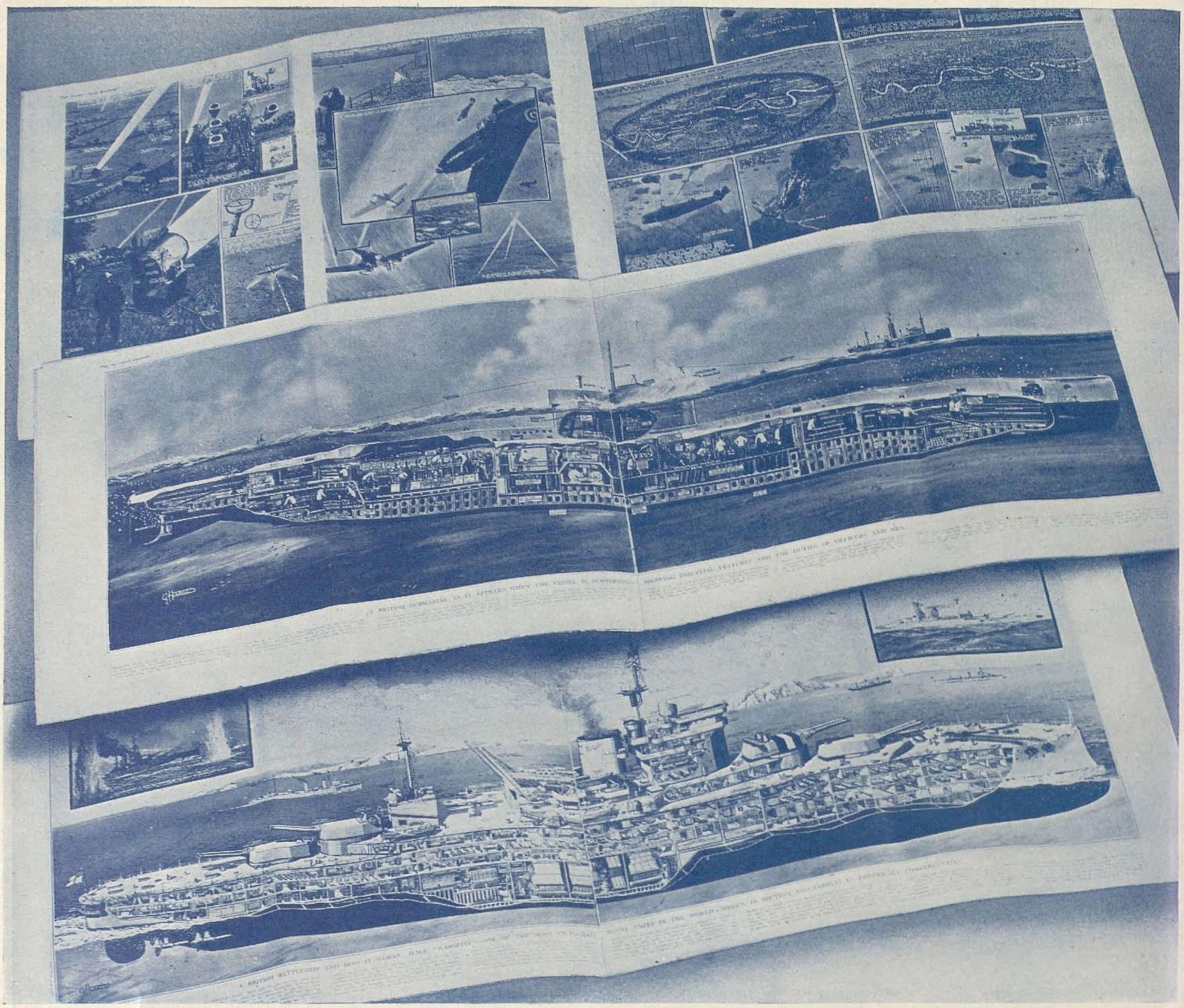
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Facing sea.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.



THERE'S A WEALTH OF ENTERTAINMENT IN "INSIDE KNOWLEDGE"

A large number of the informative diagrammatic drawings, chiefly by that well-known artist G. H. Davis which have been published from time to time in THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS are now available in collected form in a special 32-page publication entitled "INSIDE KNOWLEDGE." This will appeal to all who want to know the inner workings of things which the majority of us see only from the outside. Many of these interesting sectional drawings are reproduced as panoramas, EACH MEASURING OVER THREE FEET WIDE. They show British warship types—a Battleship, a Cruiser, a Flotilla-Leader, a Submarine, and an Aircraft-Carrier—and many authoritative drawings of home defence organisation. You are sure to find "INSIDE KNOWLEDGE" to be of absorbing interest, and it would make an ideal present for a boy or girl at home or overseas.

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